SPORT

MARCH 1986/$2

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN IN SPORTS

Rhythmic gymnast
Stacy Oversier

By photographer Bert Stern

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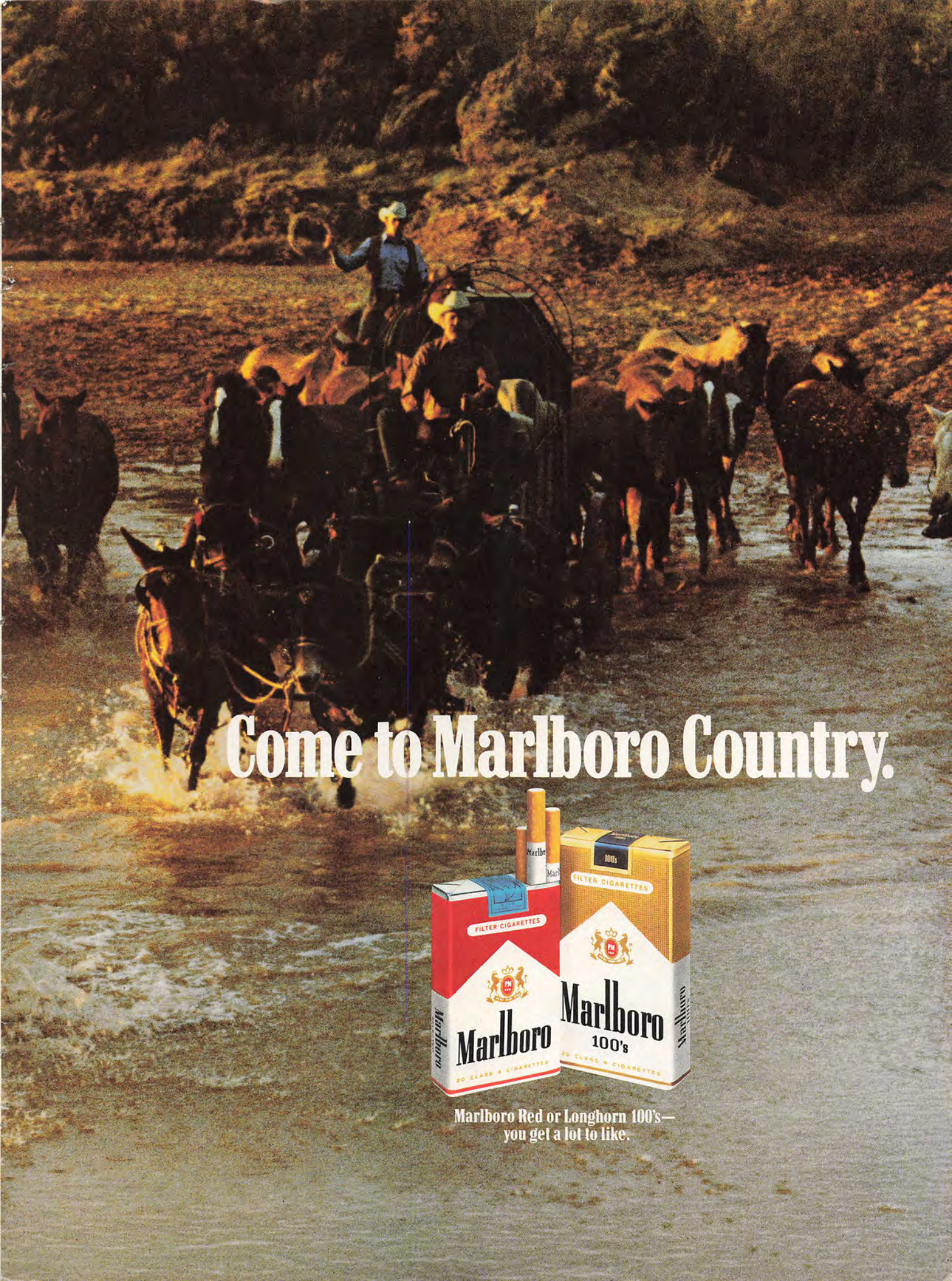
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MARCH 1986
VOL. 77 NO. 3
OUR 39TH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

54 *The body athletic, female*

CELEBRATING THE WOMAN ATHLETE 54

Women athletes can be beautiful women, too. We have proof positive, in full color. Five female champions, shot against the tropical backdrop of Puerto Rico by award-winning photographer Bert Stern.

WHERE HAVE YOU GONE, LUCKY PIERRE? 32

Pierre Larouche has the talent to be one of hockey's all-time great goal scorers. Yet, at 30, he's still the NHL's problem child. *By David Whitford*

THE MAN WHO WOULD BE NAMATH 38

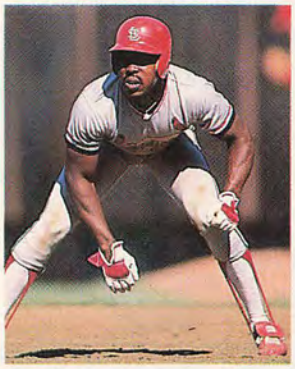
It worked before. The USFL has taken a cocky QB with a great arm and plunked him down in the New York market to save their league. And Jim Kelly loves it. *By J. David Miller*

• **USFL vs. NFL, the Showdown.** Next month's antitrust trial could change the face of pro football on television.

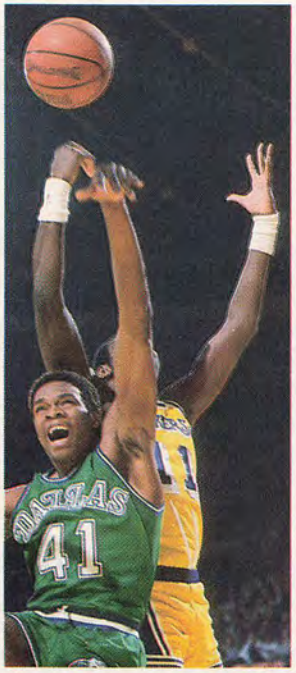
38 *Kelly guarantees it*

WAKE UP, IT'S SPRING 67

Well, almost. But the '86 baseball season is beginning to sprout. New stars have emerged from the winter leagues, old warhorses have found new legs and oddsmakers are readying the early line.



67 *Spring-training preview*



74 *Big D in the Big D*

DALLAS DOES BASKETBALL 74

The hometown of America's Team is host to the NBA All-Star Game and the NCAA Final Four in the same year. Could basketball really eclipse football in Big D? *By Skip Bayless*

• **To Mav and Have Not.** Only the lack of a center has kept the Dallas Mavericks from joining the NBA's elite; now they think they have the answer—again.

INTERVIEW: EDDIE SUTTON 19

Everybody talks about the pressure. But the question is no longer is Eddie Sutton ready for Kentucky? It's is Kentucky ready for Eddie Sutton? *By Tom Kertes*

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Hoop, hoop, hooray!

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Two tough trail bosses!

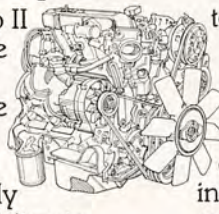
Ford Bronco and Bronco II.

Bronco already leads its class in power. Now there's a powerful new V-6 in trim-size Bronco II. Plus new "Touch-Drive" option to shift to 4WD high at any speed. And Eddie Bauer luxury is offered in both!

You're not seeing double. You're looking at two different size Ford 4-wheelers: big Bronco and the trim Bronco II.

Both have what it takes to make waves—in the wild and around town. And both are offered with the looks and luxury of special Eddie Bauer editions.

New 2.9L V-6 power.



Bronco II breaks loose with a new bigger, more powerful 2.9L V-6. Electronically fuel injected, it puts the fun of 140 horses under your hood.* Nothing in its class can match that!

Big Bronco power.

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You can go with a 185-HP 5.0L fuel-injected V-8. Or go all the way with a big 5.8L High Output V-8 with 4V carb and 210 horsepower—considerably more than Blazer's biggest engine!*

New pushbutton 4WD shifts at any speed.

Just touch a button in Bronco II's overhead electric "Touch-Drive" console to go from 2WD to 4WD high. The electric shift takes place instantly, clash free, at any speed. Shift back to 2WD the same way. It's no work, all play!

Ford's exclusive new "Touch-Drive" system is optional on Bronco II. Manual locking hubs are standard on both Broncos, with automatic front locking hubs optional on the big one.

Strong suspensions.

Both Broncos are tough, maneuverable, fun to drive. Both have Twin-Traction Beam independent front suspension to absorb jolts, not pass them along. And to help keep wheels glued to the ground for solid traction off the road.

Both offer the class and comfort of the Eddie Bauer models shown here.

Eddie Bauer Broncos.

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FANFARE

TV TALK

Thank you for confirming something I've known since the first airing of *Monday Night Football* this past season: O.J. Simpson and Joe Namath were the worst broadcasting crew on TV last year, if not of all time ("The NFL on TV Reader Poll," Sport Talk, January). I can't believe two of the greatest-ever players can be so lousy in the booth. Come on, ABC, get John Madden and Merlin Olsen in the booth and put O.J. and Joe out to pasture.

Mark Dale
Bode, Iowa

In the Sport Talk article "The Sunkist Bowl: Fiesta or Fiasco?" (January) NBC spokesman Steve Griffith is quoted as saying, "Our network is saying, 'Stop the overcommercialization of sports.'" That statement is difficult to imagine coming from a TV executive when TV itself goes into amateur sports and demands game-starting times to suit its whims, all for the purpose of TV commercialization. Please! Just how naive can the networks get?

Roger Beaverson
Belle Center, Ohio

IN THE BEARS' DEN

"Please Don't Feed the Bears" (January) was one of the best articles I've had the pleasure of reading in a long time. I read many sports magazines but this particular article made me feel as if I had lived and practiced with the bad news Bears and now know them personally. I could easily have become a Bears fan—if not for the fact I could never turn my back on the Packers.

Randall A. Hansen
Prescott, Wisconsin

NORTHERN EXPOSURE

Ken Easley is definitely one of the best strong safeties ever to play the game ("Easley Does It," January). I was surprised to see this story because the Seahawks and other Pacific Northwest teams are not publicized enough. Now finally the Northwest gets some long overdue credit. Thanks.

Nelson Holmberg
Vancouver, Washington

SAY IT AIN'T SO, BO

After reading and viewing "Bo Jackson, Man and Superman" (January) I am totally convinced. Save this fine young athlete from all the media hype. Doug Flutie won the Heisman last year—then, according to the football fan, became worthless. Also a big disappointment—Herschel Walker. Given all of Bo's natural-born talents, the best that he could ask for is to be treated more like Walter Payton. From a small school, Payton fought to make good in the NFL. Now, old and aged as some people view him, Payton is poetry in motion. I would like to see Jackson do in nine years what Payton has accomplished in his career. Please don't let a hunk of scrap metal like the Heisman ruin a potentially illustrious career.

Joseph Victor
Woodstock, Illinois

POISON YOUR PICK

I can't believe you ranked North Carolina fourth in your College Basketball Preview (December). The only reason North Carolina didn't make it to the Final Four last year was because they couldn't stop Villanova, the national champions. Anyway, North Carolina came back with everyone except Buzz Peterson, they have one of the tallest teams in the country, they have all-America Kenny Smith at point guard, a great bench and a fine crop of freshmen. Face it, Carolina may even get another NCAA championship.

Jason Boyd
Pinetown, North Carolina

Sorry, everyone can't be No. 1. Ranking UNC fourth in the preseason certainly acknowledges their chances of winning the NCAA title. Although we appreciate all the mail from North Carolina, we are sticking to our assertion that UNC's lack of team speed, as Dean Smith discussed in our preview, will prove a tremendous handicap, especially during the NCAA Tournament.—Ed.

Argue with us, applaud us, advise us. Address your letters to: Fanfare, SPORT, 119 West 40th Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10018.

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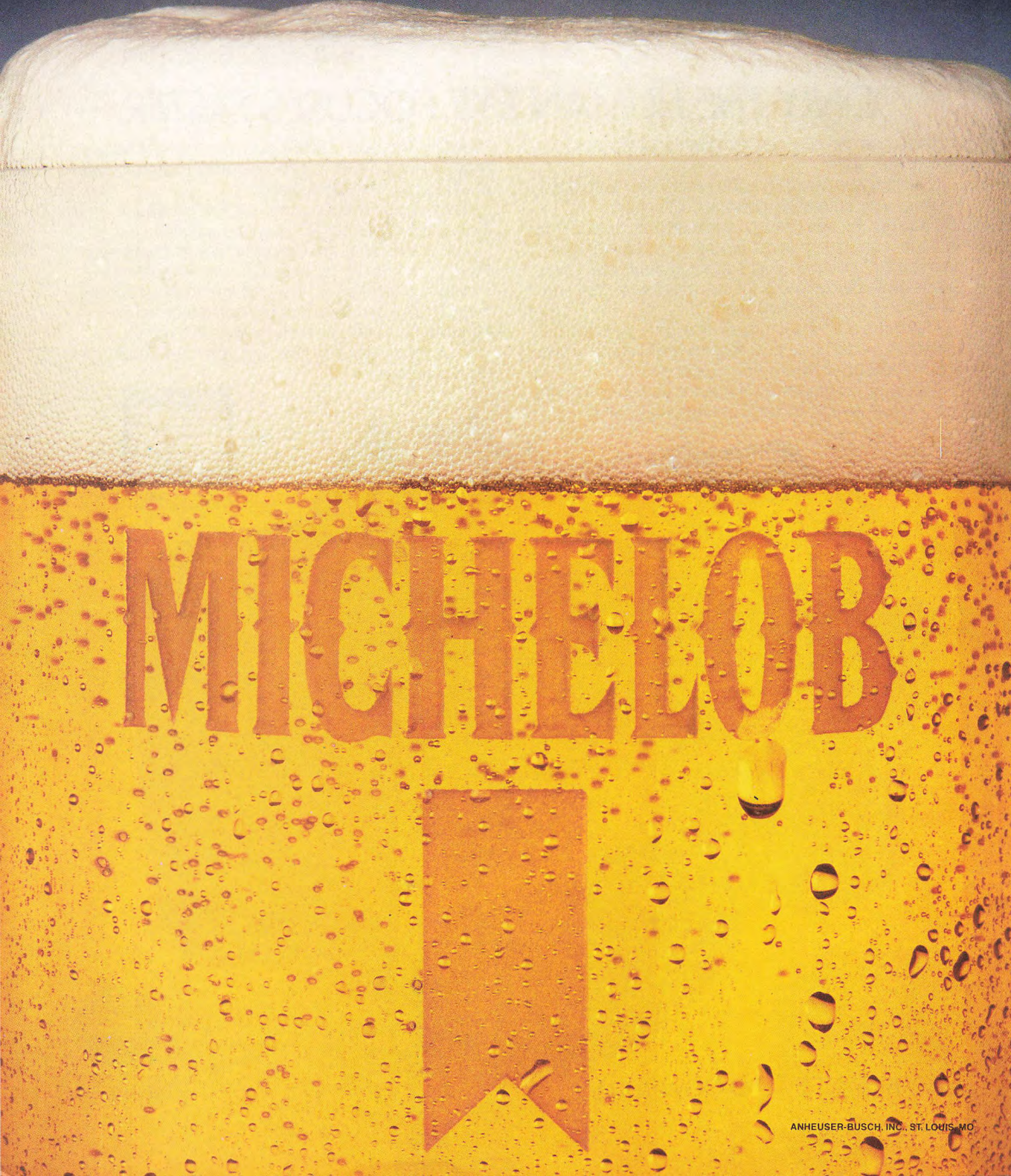

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC., ST. LOUIS, MO.

EDITED BY BARRY SHAPIRO

OLYMPICS TO SPONSORS: THE WORLD FOR $10M

At one time the International Olympic Committee was wary of the commercialization of the Olympics. But after corporate sponsorship helped the local Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee turn a $215-million profit, the IOC has decided to cut itself in on the action.

The IOC has hired ISL Marketing of Lucerne, Switzerland, to spearhead The Olympic Program (TOP), in which companies from around the world will bid for the right to call their products "official" Olympic merchandise. The major difference from the LAOOC plan is that ISL has enlisted the support of more than 100 countries. So for the first time ever, official Olympic sponsors will be given the rights to worldwide markets.

ILLUSTRATION BY BOB SCOTT

"In the past sponsors have had the right to use the Olympic logo only in their own country or the host city," explains Juergen Lenz, ISL's executive VP. "And to get those rights, they had to negotiate with the IOC, their country's Olympic committee and the host city. We are offering a kind of one-stop shopping program that will guarantee exclusive worldwide rights to companies in 44 different product categories."

ISL has solicited bids from 30 major corporations and has already signed Coke (as the official soft drink of the 1988 Games) for $10 million. With bids starting at $2 million for each of the 44 categories, ISL figures it can pull in a cool $150 million to augment the $600 million ABC and NBC have agreed to pay for the TV rights to the Summer and Winter Games. The entire pot will then be split up among the IOC, the Calgary and Seoul organizing committees and the countries who will field teams for the Olympics.

How valuable is that official Olympic designation? ISL conducted a survey of more than 1,200 people in the U.S., West Germany, Portugal and Singapore to find out. According to their study, 32 to 50 percent of the respondents said they looked more favorably on an item if it carried the Olympic logo. And 53 to 86 percent felt that an "official Olympic" label meant that the product was being supplied to actual Olympic events.

Like cosmetics, gasoline and courier services.

WHO WILL BE THE OFFICIAL HOME APPLIANCE?

Some of the 44 official Olympic sponsorship categories are positively puzzling. What do batteries or typewriters or "household goods" have to do with the Olympics?

The answer is that ISL is really chasing the Fortune 500. "We've contacted only those corporations who have a worldwide market for their product or the capacity to grow into one," says Andrew Craig, ISL's VP of marketing. So in "credit cards," they mean American Express; in "computer equipment and softwear," read IBM.

Here are some of the other categories. Read into them what you will:

- Soups
- Gasoline and oil
- Home appliances
- Copiers
- Cosmetics
- Word processors
- Computer equipment and softwear
- Mineral water
- Car rental (but not cars)
- Investment banking
- Insurance
- Food services
- Courier services (Hello, Federal?)
- TV, radio, hi-fi equipment
- Video/audio tapes
- Hot drinks.

What about something like, say, athletic equipment? Craig explains that "each federation uses its own kind." Just asking.

MAPLE LEAFS: LOVE 'EM OR LEAVE 'EM

Pity the poor Toronto hockey fan. The once-mighty Maple Leafs haven't posted a winning record in six seasons and, thanks to the NHL's unbalanced schedule, the Leafs host such teams as the Oilers and Flyers but once in 23 weeks. All this leaves Toronto fans in virtual exile from their native sport.

Well, maybe not. Enter Greg Gauthier, his partner, Lorne Hill, and their travel agency, Dynamic Sports Tours of Mississauga, Ontario, which has shipped more than 400 hockey fans out of Toronto in just over a year in business.

With games against the Oilers, Flyers, Canadiens and Islanders virtually sold out months in advance, Dynamic Sports saw demand and rose to secure supply. "We're picking up tickets in Montreal, Quebec and Buffalo," says Gauthier, whose partner is the brother-in-law of Sabres coach Jim Schoenfeld. "I mean hockey is hockey, but after the year the Blue Jays had, it's tough to get into a team that hasn't won in a long time. So there's a big interest, for example, in going up to Montreal."

Weekend trips to Quebec are a specialty. For the equivalent of $142 (U.S.), fans get a weekend of shopping and nightlife in Montreal, plus tickets to see the Canadiens. For a little more, they can ski Mont Ste. Anne, attend Quebec's annual Winter Carnivale and catch the Nordiques. Trips to New York to see the Islanders, Rangers and sundry nonhockey attractions can be booked by special request.

It's a no-lose situation the way Gauthier sees it. "As long as the Leafs keep losing we'll have people wanting to go out of town to see hockey," he explains. "On the other hand, if the Leafs start to win, we can put them on the road, to cheer."

The Gauthier getaway.

ATHLETIC MOMS: NO MORE PREGNANT PAUSE

Valerie Brisco-Hooks was a collegiate sprinter who got married, had a baby and gained 40 pounds. Two years later, she won three gold medals at the Los Angeles Olympics.

Five months after giving birth, Norway's Ingrid Kristiansen won the 1984 Houston Marathon and three months later set a European record in London. Since then, she's established world standards in the marathon, 5000 meters and 10,000 meters.

Evelyn Ashford, who gave birth in May 1985, and Mary Decker Slaney, who's expecting this June, will probably compete in the 1988 Olympics.

Why is this news? If you peek at recent history—say, before 1983—you'd have to look pretty hard to find any women who were world-class athletes, stopped to become mothers, then returned to the top echelon of their sport.

Brisco-Hooks with son Alvin: Mother/gold medalist.

Besides the financial inducements for women to compete into their thirties—longer than one might wish to postpone motherhood—society's thinking has also changed. Pregnant women are no longer viewed as invalids. "In rural China a woman worked in the fields, went inside to have her kid and came right back to work," says Merle Myerson, a research physiologist at Columbia University. "We may have been overprotective."

Brisco-Hooks' coach, Bob Kersee, says that childbirth has made Valerie stronger and better able to endure pain. Ashford thinks she's stronger from a cardiovascular and muscular point of view. And pregnancy doesn't disrupt a training regimen for as long as once believed. Ashford trained fairly hard into her fifth month; then, she says, "you start to feel the baby." But two weeks after her delivery, "I was out there running."

The Russians have their own theories about all of this. Several of their top sportswomen, including 1500-meter record holder Tatyana Kazankina, are moms. And a rumor circulated around L.A. before the '84 boycott that the Russians were going to try and have their athletes three months pregnant at the time of the Games. Apparently, Soviet scientists figured the women would be at their physiological optimum at that stage. U.S. researchers dispute this theory.

We do know, however, that Miki Gorman won the 1974 Boston Marathon while "with child." And when Juno Irwin won the bronze in platform diving at the 1952 Olympics, she was in her fourteenth week. Her child was hitting the water at 30 mph before it was even born.

SPORT READER POLL
BASKETBALL BROADCASTERS

On any given Saturday, one can plunk down on the couch at noon and watch a continuous stream of college basketball games until 11:00 in the evening. If that's not enough, there are NBA games on CBS every Sunday, and weeknights on TBS.

Which network provides the best coverage? Which announcers help you with that afternoon nap? We want your opinions. Please fill out our SPORT "College and Pro Basketball Broadcasters" poll. The deadline is February 20.

We received an enthusiastic response to our recent NFL broadcasters poll. In fact, the response was so strong, John Madden reportedly cited it in his contract negotiations with CBS. Who said your vote doesn't count?

Results of our present poll will be published in the May issue.

1 Who is the best play-by-play announcer? (Circle one)

a. Al Albert
b. Marv Albert
c. Rick Barry
d. Gary Bender
e. Len Berman
f. Skip Carey
g. Dick Enberg
h. Brent Musburger
i. Jim Simpson
j. Dick Stockton

2 Who is the best color commentator? (Circle one)

a. John Andariese
b. Tom Heinsohn
c. Al McGuire
d. Billy Packer
e. Bill Raftery
f. Jack Rohan
g. Bill Russell
h. Bucky Waters
i. Dick Vitale

3 Which of the following works best as a broadcast team? (Circle one)

a. Al Albert & Jack Rohan
b. Marv Albert & Bucky Waters
c. Rick Barry & Bill Russell
d. Len Berman & Bill Raftery
e. Skip Carey & John Andariese
f. Dick Enberg & Al McGuire
g. Brent Musburger & Billy Packer
h. Jim Simpson & Dick Vitale
i. Dick Stockton & Tom Heinsohn

4 The last two seasons have seen an explosion in broadcasts of college basketball. How would you characterize this?

a. Too many games on TV
b. Just enough games on TV
c. The more, the better

5 Do you prefer watching pro basketball or college basketball on TV?

a. NBA b. NCAA

6 Would you like to see more national broadcasts of NBA games?

a. Yes b. No

7 CBS has opted to concentrate its coverage of the NBA on the Celtics, Lakers and 76ers. Do you prefer seeing mostly top teams or would you like to see a variety of teams?

a. Top teams
b. A variety

8 In general, which network do you think does the best overall job of covering basketball?

a. CBS d. TBS
b. ESPN e. USA
c. NBC

9 If you had to pick one sportscaster as your only link to basketball, who would he be? (Write in your choice)

10 On the other hand, if you could slap one sportscaster with two technical fouls and eject him from the broadcast table, who would *he* be? (Write in your choice)

Please send this ballot to:
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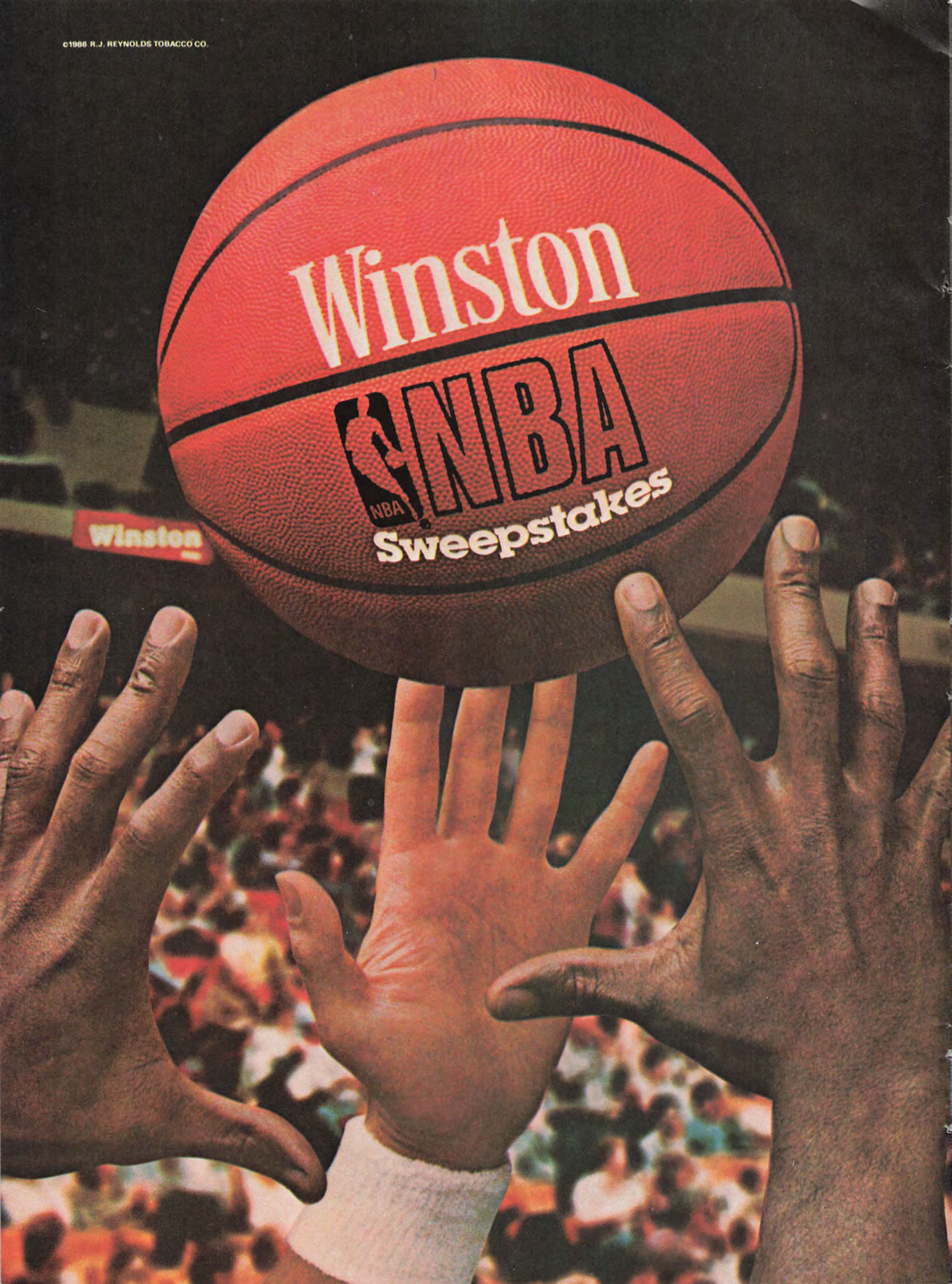

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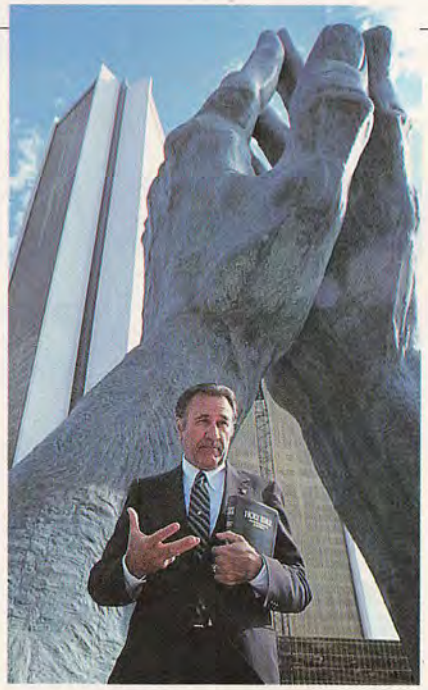
GIMME THAT OLD-TIME BASKETBALL

A small college needs TV exposure if it hopes to attract top talent to its basketball program. But what if no media outlet will pay for the rights to carry its games? Oral Roberts University in Tulsa has taken a page from its evangelical founder—buying its own airtime to spread the word.

ORU, a Division-I school with an enrollment of 4,500 students, has purchased airtime for all its home games on the Satellite Program Network. The system, which reaches approximately 12 million cable households across the U.S., is a time broker; that is, it owns satellite time and sells that time off to just about anyone wishing to air a program.



And Roberts saw that cable was good.

SPN has sold airtime for individual small-college football games, and for football coaches' shows from Iowa, Illinois, Mississippi State, Baylor, Texas and West Virginia. But Dave Kempton, SPN's director of sports programming, calls ORU's venture the largest commitment ever made by a small college.

Though ORU and SPN officials will not reveal the terms of the deal, it's estimated that ORU is paying between $70,000 and $150,000 for this year (a rate between $2,000 and $4,000 an hour), with an option for two more seasons.

The exposure on "national" TV is consistent with the school's stated purpose. Gil Swalls, ORU's assistant AD for marketing and communications, calls it "a unique opportunity to extend the purpose of the ministry." Oral's philosophy of reaching people for God through sports is the reason for the athletic program at ORU in the first place, says Swalls. In fact, those who have tuned in to ORU games are likely to see promos for the university, the on-campus City of Faith Hospital and "testimonies of athletes and others on campus."

Divine inspiration aside, ORU's founding father has never made a secret of his desire for a Top 20 basketball team. ORU did make the NCAA Tournament two years ago, but fell to a 15-15 record last year. Swalls says the telecasts "provide a tremendous recruiting tool" for first-year coach Ted Owens (formerly of Kansas), a tool to be used in building "a team that will compete for the national championship." In other words, bringing the mountain to Mohammad.

THE LONG HELLO OF JEFF KUNKEL

Many promising prospects who are rushed to the major leagues meet with setbacks, but few encounter the litany of misfortunes that has befallen Rangers shortstop Jeff Kunkel.

Only one year after he was selected third overall in the June 1983 draft, Kunkel was summoned to Texas to help stabilize a position that had been held or shared by nine different players in the previous 10 years. He played well in the field but was overmatched at the plate, hitting .204 in 50 games. The situation worsened when he fell into disfavor with manager Doug Rader.

A series of bad hops.

"The whole thing was handled poorly," says Kunkel, 23. "There's enough pressure playing in the big leagues, but Rader was always on my back. It did nothing for my confidence."

Kunkel was sent back to the minors for 1985. Then in May he lost his father, veteran umpire Bill Kunkel, to cancer. "After that, I didn't want to play at all. My game fell apart."

The Rangers meanwhile had replaced Rader with Bobby Valentine, who was anxious to take another look at Kunkel. He was recalled in September; two days later he tore up his knee in a collision with leftfielder George Wright.

Now, after surgery, six weeks in an ankle-to-hip cast and a winter of rehabilitation, Kunkel is trying to get ready for spring training. It will be a long way back, but the Rangers seem ready, this time, to be patient. "He has enormous talent and will be given every opportunity to make the team once he's ready," says GM Tom Grieve.

Kunkel hopes he'll be ready sometime in 1986, but he says, "My only goal now is to get my body back to 100 percent. I don't care where I play, I only want to do well. If anything, this past year has taught me how to be strong and deal with adversity."

DAWN OF THE LIGHT BALL ERA?

Last year Rangers pitching coach Tom House turned heads by having his pitchers throw footballs to smooth out their deliveries. Now he's aroused fear in the front office by adapting a technique used by Soviet and East European javelin throwers.

The technique is called underloading, whereby an athlete stimulates his slow-twitch muscle fibers by throwing objects lighter than the one he normally throws. In this case, four-ounce baseballs instead of five-ounce. The lightweight balls are the same size as the regular ones, he explains, but throwing them "helps develop arm speed by teaching the muscles to move faster. Any increase in arm speed will increase the velocity of a fastball."

Nonetheless, GM Tom Grieve is a doubting Thomas. "He'll have to absolutely convince me this works. I don't want to wind up with three pitchers who have sore arms and four who throw only 70 mph."

House says he'll be ready to do some convincing this spring. He's armed with eastern European studies showing that underloading can increase muscle efficiency by up to 20 percent.

ILLUSTRATION BY ARNE LEVIN

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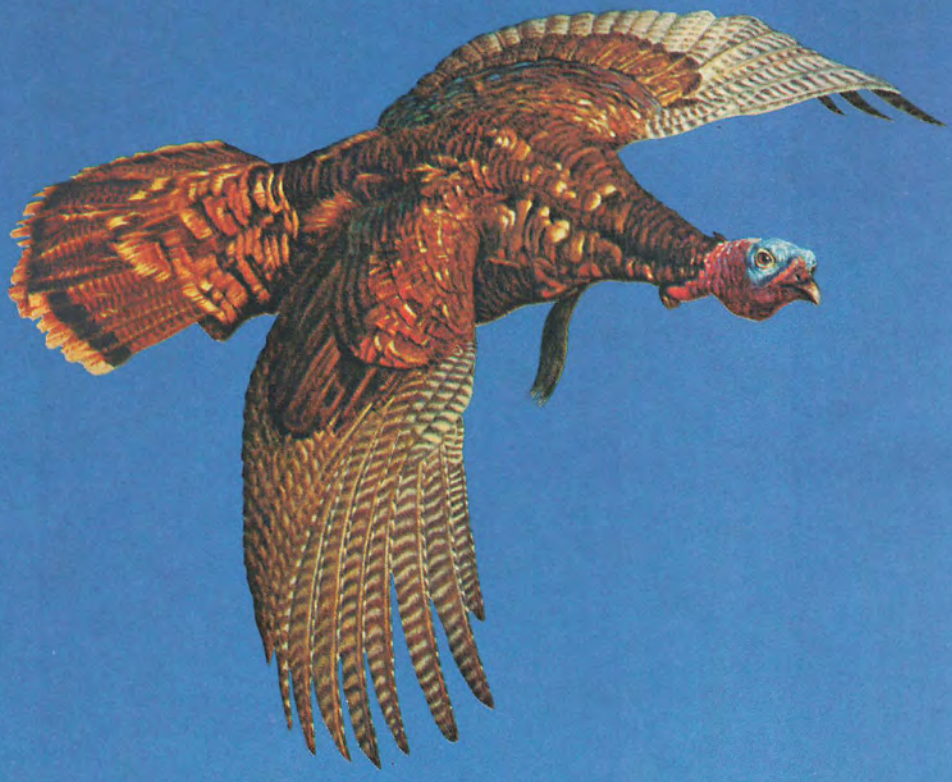

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BY TOM KERTES

EDDIE SUTTON

Coaching Kentucky basketball is probably the most pressurized athletic job in the United States. Who says so? The new pressuree.

A teenage farmboy in western Kansas, Eddie Sutton was on his way to a Halloween party. He wore the ultimate devil's outfit—red cape, tail, lifelike horns—his own mom couldn't tell him from the real thing. Suddenly it started to rain. Eddie didn't want to ruin the costume he'd worked so hard to make, but the only shelter within sight was a church. Smiling at the incongruity of it all, he ran in. The good parishioners took one look at "Satan" and dove for the nearest door. Chugging by him, one of the frightened faithful told him, "I've been a churchgoer all my life but, really, I was always on your *side."*

Thirty years later Eddie Sutton is the new head basketball coach at the University of Kentucky, a job that requires the kind of confidence, pragmatism and intestinal fortitude that would allow you to stroll into a church dressed as the devil. For in basketball-mad Lexington, a 20-win season is nothing; indeed, anything less than a Final Four appearance is taken as an insult to Adolph Rupp's memory. Since Sutton's arrival, he's been criticized in the local press for a) not moving from Arkansas to Lexington immediately or sooner; b) having the team wear Nike instead of the traditional Converse sneakers; and c) egads, perming his hair.

Then, just four weeks before the season opener, the Lexington Herald-Leader *published allegations of "$50 handshakes," free lunches and illegal speaking fees received by former Wildcats players. No current players were named, and the coach himself was at Arkansas when these events were alleged to have occurred. Yet it was Sutton's preseason that was thrown into turmoil, his recruiting that was endangered and his program that will go on probation should the NCAA impose sanctions.*

But looking at the dapper 6-3 Sutton and listening to his soothing Southern drawl, you could never tell that he is sitting on the top of a volcano. His composure is well founded; in his 16-year career he has never had a losing season, he has won two national coach of the year awards and took Arkansas to the Final Four in 1978. He is admired by his peers as a teacher of the game, especially of the suffocating man-to-man defense that has become his trademark. And he is equally renowned as a motivator, adept at infusing teams with intensity and the "intangibles."

While the coach is careful to downplay any differences between himself and his predecessor, Joe B. Hall, the effects of the change on the Kentucky team are already apparent. A talented but confused bunch last year, they are now a loose and successful crew, headed for a 20-win season. Explaining a practice sequence with his arm around one of the Wildcats (something the players say Hall never did in his 13 years), or fielding calls from ex-players and the media in his office afterward, Sutton is comfortable and assured. "It'll go away," he says of the scandal. "And no matter what happens, we shall overcome."

SPORT: You averaged 24 wins over 11 seasons at Arkansas. You were one of the most popular—and best-paid—men in the state, turning a football-crazed region into basketball heaven. Why did you leave all that to take the job at Kentucky?

SUTTON: Any job I've ever taken was always with the idea that it would be my last. And I would only have left Arkansas for one or two jobs in the country. But Kentucky, if it's not the best, is certainly in a tie for the best job there is, because of the great tradition, the fan support and the opportunity to recruit anywhere in the nation. I've always been a percentage coach and the chances of winning the national championship—my ultimate goal—are probably greater here than they might have been at Arkansas.

SPORT: But what about the tremendous pressure that comes with all those advantages?

SUTTON: Well, basketball here *is* a second religion. Sometimes you feel like a state park, where everybody owns a piece of you. It's probably the most pressurized athletic job in the U.S., including the pro

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jobs and the college football positions. But I learned that you can't worry about pleasing everybody. You play too fast, you play too slow, you don't have the right car, you don't comb your hair right—or you don't beat the point spread. Some guy loses money and it's the coach's fault. The way I look at it, the day you take a job you're on a downhill slide. The angle of this slide is determined by how many games you win. But even though I've been picked on a little, all in all, I'm more excited about being the Kentucky coach today than the day I took the job.

SPORT: Have the newspaper allegations and the pending NCAA investigation hurt your recruiting efforts?

SUTTON: Well, one of the big prizes that got away from us this year was Terry Mills, probably the best big man coming out of high school this year. But I don't think that was a factor in Terry's case; he's from Romulus, in Michigan, and he ended up staying there. But there's no doubt in my mind that some institutions will use this and say, "Look, if you go to Kentucky, it's very possible they will be on probation."

SPORT: What steps have you taken so that the same situation cannot occur under your administration?

SUTTON: Well, Coach Hall allowed boosters to go into the dressing room, some of his close friends. I've always taken the same approach you have in the NCAAs: a 10-minute cooling period after the game, then let in the media, but no boosters. Another policy I have—that I hope the NCAA will adopt—is to make every student athlete register his car with the athletic director and the NCAA. Though here at Kentucky, players don't have very good cars; even Kenny Walker, who I think is the best player in the college game, drives a '75.

SPORT: Is there anything you'd like to see the NCAA do?

SUTTON: There's no doubt in my mind that you need to give the players a stipend. When I went to school in '54, they gave us $15 a month—they called it laundry money. Thirty-one years later players get nothing, when it should be $75–$100 a month. This, I believe, would curtail 95 percent of the nickel-and-dime cheating. A lot of smaller schools that can't afford it are fighting this, but it would be a good rule. Also, it's not just the institution—the athletes must take a part of the responsibility. Most of them know what's right and what's wrong.

SPORT: What about recruiting? Do you enjoy it or is it a necessary evil?

SUTTON: I like going into a home and meeting the parents of a kid that would play for me. You meet a lot of interesting people. But strange things do happen in recruiting. One time, when I was at Creighton, a kid sent a letter saying he was the greatest thing to ever come down the pike. We said, okay, send us some film. He did, and indeed there was this great player. So we brought him in for a visit and he wasn't dressed well, but that didn't bother us. He was there all week and when he was ready to leave, we saw he was all spruced up. I mean he looked like he just stepped off Fifth Avenue. We've always put our recruits into the area where the players live, and the next day one of our kids came down and said, "Coach, I'm missing a pair of slacks and my favorite cuff links." Turned out, the kid not only got a whole new wardrobe, but he wasn't even the player we looked at on film. He sent us a film of one of his teammates who *was* a great player. It wasn't too funny then, but it is now, the way he pulled the wool over our eyes.

But even under the best of circumstances, recruiting is a very inexact science. At Arkansas we recruited Mark Price out of Enid, Oklahoma, and, at the same time, there was a great point guard in-state, Willie Cutts. Now, Mark is a coach's son, and I've always said coaches' sons know more about the game because they're always around it. He's a real student of basketball and I believe the more you study the game the slower it becomes to you—you learn to take shortcuts. Anyway, there was a lot of pressure on us to take the in-state kid, so when Cutts decided to come to Arkansas, we got off of Mark. He's now the best there is and, unfortunately, Cutts never worked out.

SPORT: You just successfully recruited another coach's son, Rex Chapman, a 6-4 guard from Owensboro, Kentucky, whose father is the coach at Kentucky Wesleyan.

SUTTON: Yes, he has that great basketball savvy we're talking about. He's also a great physical talent, perhaps the best backcourt prospect coming out of high school this year. I would call him a combination of Pete Maravich and Jerry West.

SPORT: Your own son, Sean, was one of the top guards in Arkansas last year.

SUTTON: He's now a high school junior and I'm sure he'll be highly recruited. I'm going to have a lot of fun next year sitting there in the living room listening to the speeches of all these coaches. I'm go-

ing to ask some real tricky questions.

SPORT: Kentucky was also involved in the incredible recruiting saga of Tito Horford, the 7-foot center from the Dominican Republic. Can you tell us what happened?

SUTTON: Well, in the fall Horford visited Kentucky, Houston, UCLA and LSU, and then signed with Houston. Then in April, after I got here, it came down that he might be ineligible if he stayed there. We called the NCAA and they said, "You can't make contact with him because there's a final appeal on Monday." This was on the Thursday previous to that. On Friday Tito called us. We wouldn't talk to him. That was probably a mistake, but we were told to do so by the NCAA.

SPORT: You couldn't accept *his* call?

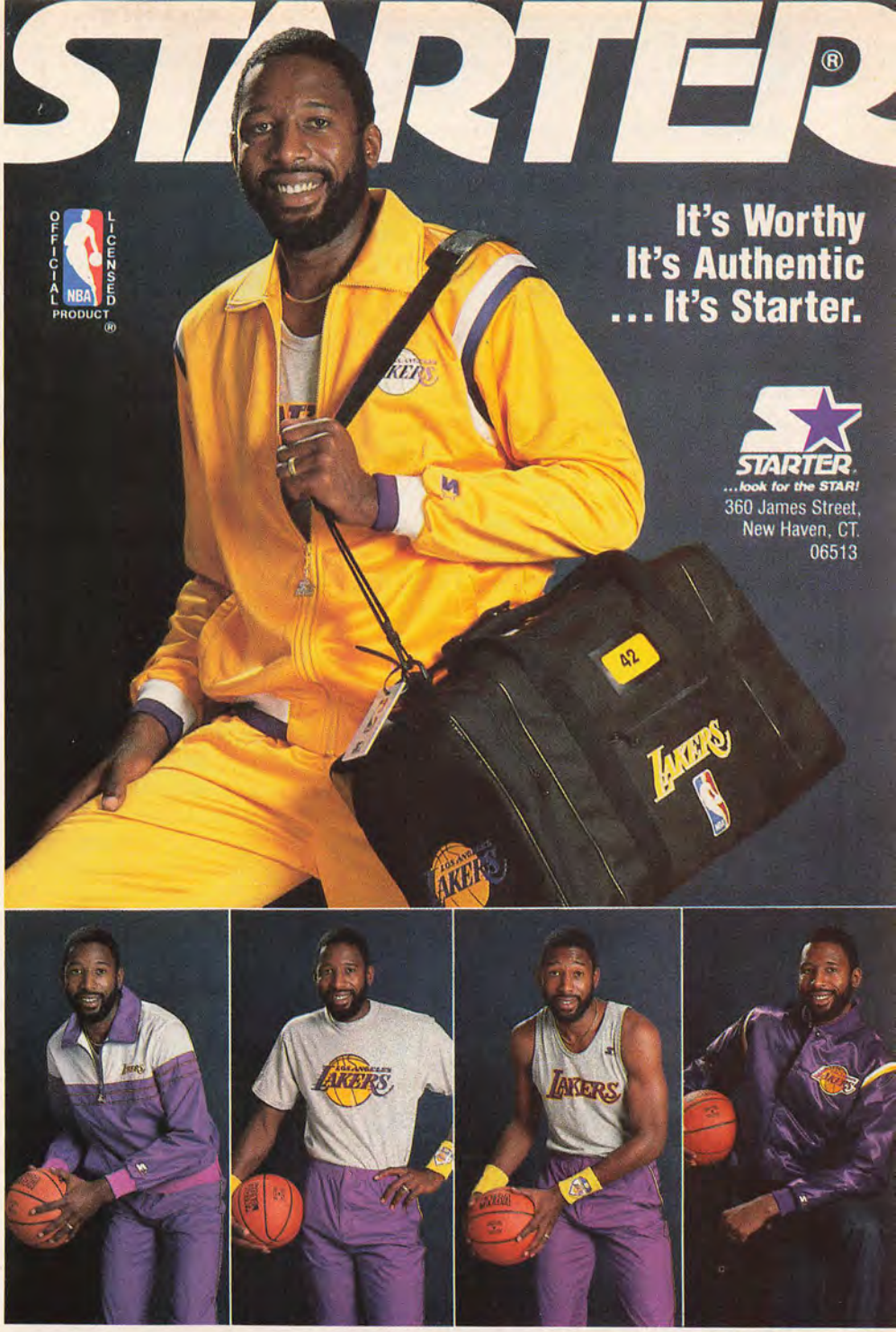
SUTTON: No. When they said, "Don't talk to him," I asked, "What if he were to show up on campus?" They said, "You got to send him on his way." So we did, and the next thing we know he's at LSU having a three-hour meeting with Coach [Dale] Brown and the AD and he ends up going there, at least for a little while.

SPORT: Throughout your career you consistently get great guards—the Darrell Walkers, Alvin Robertsons and Sidney Moncriefs. But you haven't had too many outstanding forwards and centers. Has that been an intentional pattern?

SUTTON: I don't know if I'd call it a pattern, but I do think you can win with mediocre forwards or even a mediocre center, while I'm sure you can't win with mediocre guards. Guard play is that important. If I do have a pattern, it would be to recruit people who can jump and run away from mistakes. When you have quickness and speed, you can do so many more things, especially on defense. Offensively, you can always set screens for people to get them open. But you can't play defense if you can't move.

SPORT: Your greyhounds also had another thing in common. They couldn't shoot.

SUTTON: That's typical of guys who grow up on the playgrounds. In the inner cities there's just not enough space. You play three-on-three, four-on-four or five-on-five and, in that team-type situation, you don't get to shoot the ball much. The best shooters who ever played basketball have all been from smaller communities. You have a hoop on your barn, you can't play a game, so you shoot. The only way to become a great shooter is to groove the ball—shoot the same way every time. That comes with practice. But, even though at Arkansas we didn't



SPORT QUIZ

Answers from page 89. 1—c. 2—c. 3—Elgin Baylor of Minneapolis and Bob Pettit of St. Louis. 4—b. 5—John Stallworth and Walter Payton. 6—d. 7—The NFL. 8—a-2, b-3, c-4, d-1. 9—Bob Cousy (Boston) in 1957, Bill Russell (Boston) in 1963 and Willis Reed (New York) in 1970. 10—Don Edwards. 11—Jan Stenerud. 12—Lions, Giants, Steelers, Browns. *Answer to last month's Stumper* (In 1971 the Baltimore Colts and the Dallas Cowboys met in the first Super Bowl ever played on artificial turf. In what year was the first artificial-turf football game played, which teams clashed and which player scored the first touchdown in the game?): On September 23, 1966, the University of Houston met Washington State in the Astrodome. WSU's Doug Flansbergh scored the first TD on a pass from Jeff Henderson. Houston won, 21-7.

PICTURE CREDITS

3—Clockwise from top: Bert Stern, Andrew D. Bernstein, David Walberg, James Perez/Focus West. 9—John D. Hanlon. 10—Paul J. Sutton/Duomo. 16—Martin Rogers/Stock Boston (top), Jerry W. Hoefer/*Fort Worth Star Telegram*. 34—From left: Robert B. Shaver, Bruce Bennett (3), Neal Preston/Camera 5. 40—Chuck Solomon/Focus on Sports. 42—James Perez/Focus West. 68—Courtesy Texas Rangers (left), Rich Pilling/Focus on Sports. 71—David Walberg (left), Chuck Solomon. 73—William Hart/Focus West (left), Focus on Sports. 74—Andrew D. Bernstein. 75—Phil Huber. 76—Andrew D. Bernstein. 78—Rick Stewart/Focus West. 80—Damian Strohmeyer. 84—Steve Goldstein. 86—Frank LaBua (2). 89—From left: Rich Pilling (2), Jerry Wachter, Rich Pilling.

have great jumpshooters, we were the second-highest percentage-shooting team over the last 10 years. After North Carolina, we shot about 54 percent as a team.

SPORT: But the backcourt that you inherited at Kentucky shot only 40 percent last year. What kinds of changes are you planning to make?

SUTTON: I'm not worried; I've been known to do a thing or two with guards. James Blackmon, who had injury problems last year, was one of the top guards ever to come out of Indiana and I believe he'll develop into the type of guard I had at Arkansas. He was thinking of transferring, and the main reason he stayed was my track record with guards. Ed Davender was an exceptional scorer in New York and Roger Harden can shoot, too. It's just a matter of confidence and shot selection. We're working very hard on that.

Our power forward, Winston Bennett, also struggled with injuries, and he's now 100 percent. He could be a great rebounder and defensive stopper for us.

SPORT: You've called Kenny Walker "another Moncrief—only bigger."

SUTTON: Yes, they're both team-oriented, complete players who understand their own limitations, which is most important. If I was an NBA coach or GM, I would rather have Kenny than any other player in college hoops today to build my team on.

SPORT: How else would you describe the type of team you're trying to mold?

SUTTON: To win consistently, you must play solid D, regardless of what type of defense it might be. Defense can be taught, whereas the ability to shoot the basketball is hard to teach. But if you're a good athlete, you can become a great defensive player. Your defense also must be good enough to force turnovers, bad shots and help your offense in converting them to easy baskets. On offense, generally everything you do is determined by what the defense does. It must be patient enough until a defensive mistake is made. Basically, I like a motion offense with some "crutches." That means special scoring plays, so that, for example, if Kenny Walker is not getting his share of shots out of the motion, we're going to run a play for him to get a high-percentage shot. Another basic principle of my offense is that I never want a shot taken unless you can hit it 50 percent of the time. For some guys that's 25 feet from the hoop. For others it may be an 8- to 10-footer.

SPORT: What type of team is your least favorite to play against?

SUTTON: One that mirrors our ballclub. A team that has quickness, speed, plays great man-to-man D and has a disciplined offense with no bad shots. One that limits the number of possessions you'll have by not giving up many second shots on the boards. Obviously, all coaches fear most what they believe in, because, in their opinion, that's what it takes to win.

SPORT: It seems that close attention to individual fundamentals will generally get a team off slow at the beginning of the season, but it's the best way to get rolling at tournament time.

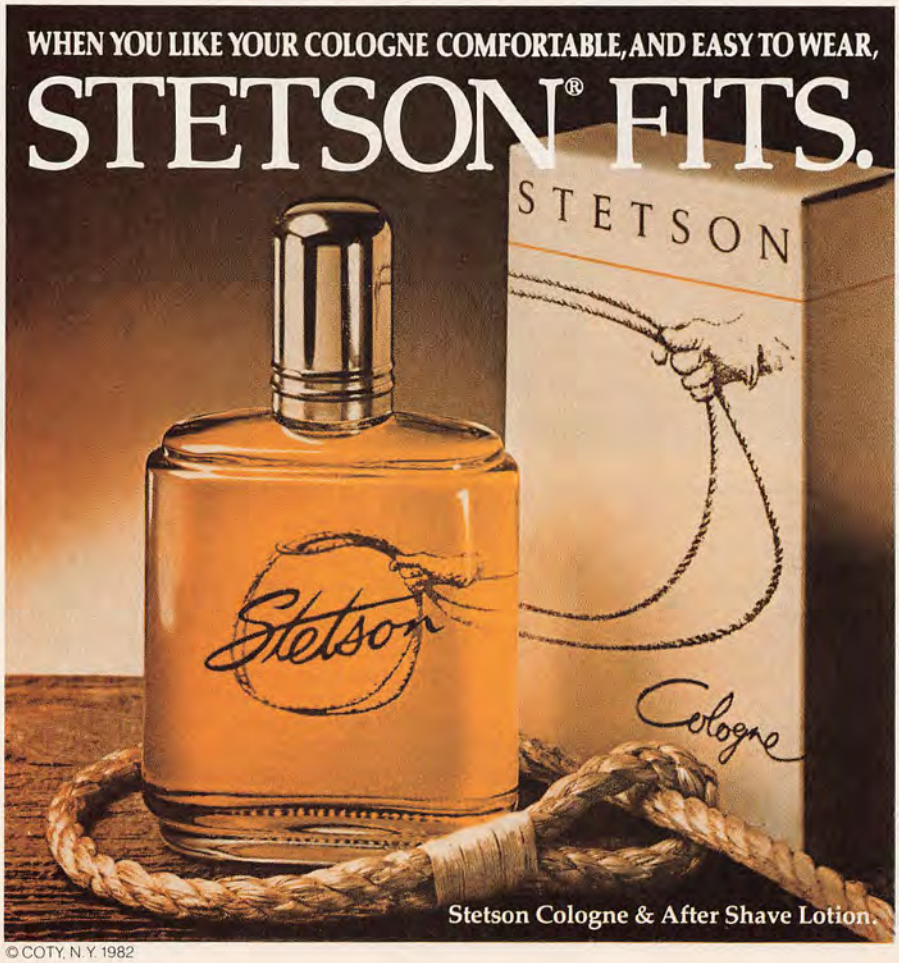
SUTTON: I hope that's true, because I do believe the foundation of the season is what I call the "gut" practices—where you stress the fundamentals of the game—October 15 to December 1. There is a tendency on the part of a lot of coaches to get into 5-on-5 situations too early. We try to go slower. You need to work on the fundamentals while there is still much enthusiasm on the part of your squad, because it's much less fun than going up and down the floor.

SPORT: Since you've been here, you've had to deal with a lot of issues and problems that have very little to do with basketball. Has the job of a coach changed to the point where, in order to be successful, you have to involve yourself in all these extracurricular activities?

SUTTON: At one time it was very simple to be a college coach. But our society has grown to the point where that's not true anymore. Great knowledge of the X's and O's is still important—if you don't know the game, you're not going to be successful—I don't care where you are. But now a coach has to be better-read in areas besides basketball. Recruiting is more sophisticated. The PR part of coaching has become much larger. And most important, the student athlete of today is a more complex person than he used to be. So I always say, if you lose an assistant coach, instead of hiring another one, hire a psychologist. Because the kids are not only more complex, but the peer pressure they're under creates more problems than they once had.

SPORT: Which facet of coaching do you enjoy the most?

SUTTON: While I really enjoy coaching the game, I still believe that I'm an educator and teacher, first and foremost. I enjoy the human interaction with my players. They become part of my family. It's offensive to me to see coaches who only



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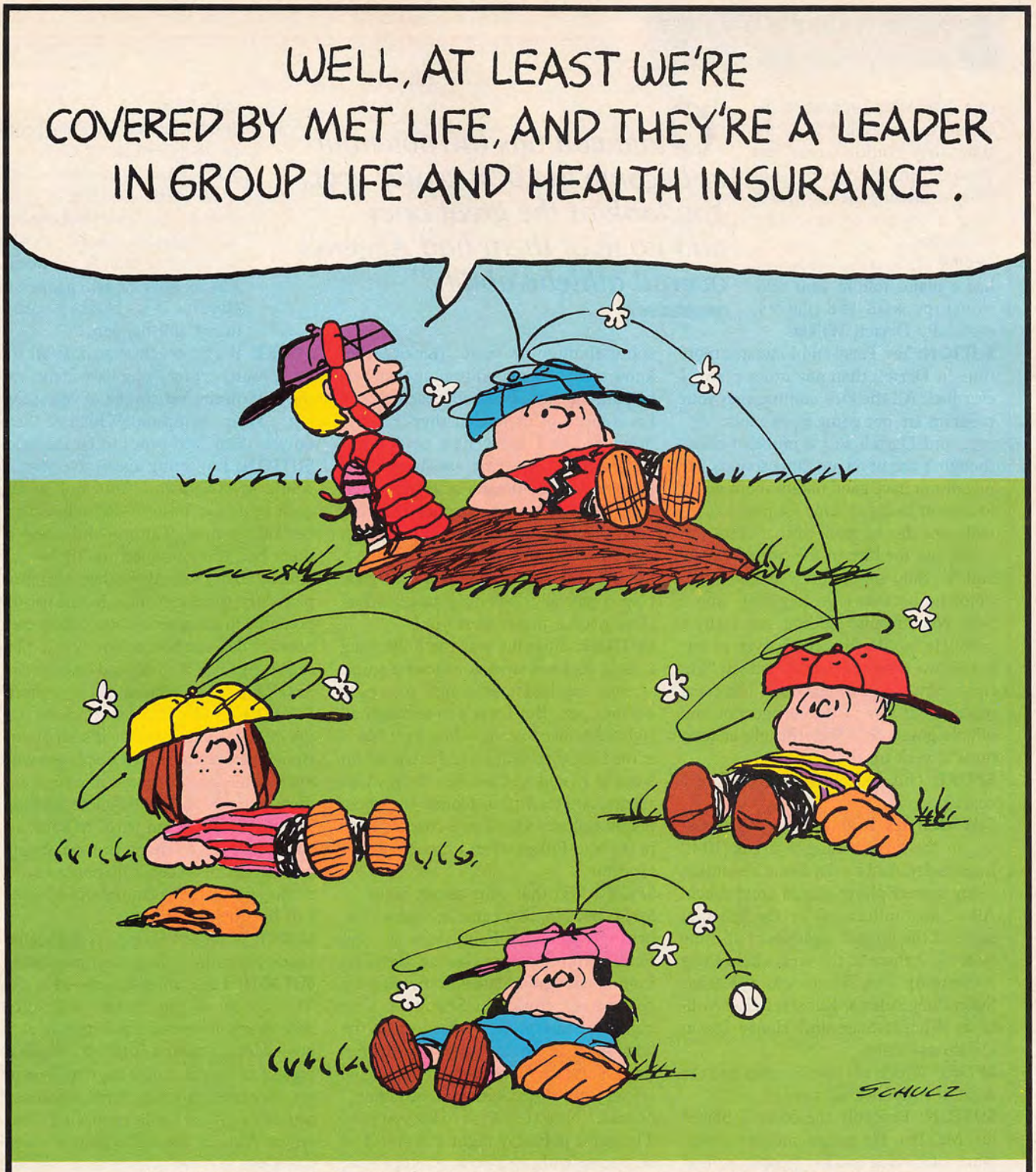

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care about what happens on the court, and once they leave the floor they couldn't care less about that young person. They're missing the real idea of what a coach's responsibility should be.

SPORT: At Arkansas, your wife had a major role in your relationships with the players, especially Darrell Walker.

SUTTON: Yes, Patsy and I invested more time in Darrell than any other player I ever had. All the kids coming into your program are not going to be model citizens and Darrell *was* a problem child, though it was never anything serious. He just didn't have good habits about going to class or being on time for practice. Finally one day he realized that there was a real love for him in the Sutton family and he really gave himself to us. At that point he became a great player—and a pest. No, I'm just kidding, not really a pest. He would just come over to our house two, three times a day and say, "Hi, this is Sky, your adopted son. I just came to see what was in the refrigerator and what's going on." We still talk at least once a week on the phone.

SPORT: Did you always want to be a coach?

SUTTON: Yes. I can remember growing up on the farm, riding a tractor 10-12 hours a day. And I'd daydream about first being a great player then a great coach. Also I was influenced by the fact that some of the greatest coaches of all time were right there in the area where I was growing up. Tex Winter was at Kansas State, Phog Allen at Kansas, Ralph Miller at Wichita State and Henry Iba at Oklahoma State.

SPORT: Which of these coaches had the greatest influence on you?

SUTTON: Probably the coach I played for, Mr. Iba. He taught me the importance of having quality people around you—that you can't coach character. What kind of heart does a player have? How big is his valentine?

I got the basics of my passing game and man-to-man from him, as well as what I call the three D's: defense, dedication and discipline. And even today I always say at coaching clinics: Don't be ashamed to borrow things from other coaches, because there's very little that's completely new in the sport. Me, I've even tried to pick the brains of coaches in *other* sports through the years. Track coaches know more about conditioning than basketball coaches. Football coaches have been ahead of us in that they're better organized and know how to delegate responsibility to their assistants. Any hoop coach who doesn't seize the opportunity to visit with coaches in other sports is missing something that might make his program better.

"Olajuwon has the potential to become the best center ever. You look at the great ones, and none of them had Akeem's overall athletic ability."

SPORT: It's a sports truism that great players generally don't make great coaches. How good a player were you?

SUTTON: Shooting was the only thing I could do. I was so slow, instead of single screens they had to set double screens to get me open. But I was a zone buster all right. Against Kansas—they were No. 1 at the time with Wilt Chamberlain—I hit 9 out of 12 and we beat them on my last-second shot. And I scored the most points against a Guy Lewis-coached team in the mid-Fifties when I had 25 against Houston.

SPORT: Was that your career high?

SUTTON: No, that came in China, surprisingly enough. Four years ago Pat Foster from Lamar, George Raveling from Washington State and myself were conducting clinics in Shanghai. One night our interpreter showed up at the hotel with an extremely serious expression on his face. "The people of Shanghai are very impressed with your coaching," he said. "Now they wish to see you play. The game is Friday night and you'll be on a team with men your own age"—we were all 45 at the time. We were all out of shape and hoping that this was some kind of a joke, but when we showed up, there were 8,000 people screaming in the stadium. Our opponent turned out to be the junior girls team from Shanghai—18- and 19-year-olds, all between 5-10 and 6-2. We were getting beat early and the coach was pretty upset, so I told him I played center in high school and I was sure I could post the girls up. Foster made some wicked entry passes and I scored 45.

SPORT: It's amazing that hoops are that popular in China.

SUTTON: It's the number one sport there. And I'm a great believer that basketball one day will overtake soccer as the number one sport in the world. I'm not saying it will happen in 10 years. It might take 50 years, but it will happen.

SPORT: You've coached against all the great young centers who have come into the NBA in the last couple of years: Ewing, Akeem, Sampson. Which of them do you think will prove to be the best?

SUTTON: Projecting ahead five years, I would say Olajuwon. You look at the great centers in history—Russell, Chamberlain, Jabbar, Walton—and none of them had the foot speed or the overall athletic ability that Akeem has. He hasn't played the game very long, but he has the potential to become the best center ever, because he's the best *athlete* ever to play center. Again, it'll all depend on his heart.

SPORT: Are you a fan of the pro game?

SUTTON: I like it, but I still believe that the college game is what it's all about. Basketball was meant to be played with total enthusiasm, zest and intensity, and there's no way with an 82-game schedule the pros can perform with the same intensity as college players. But the playoffs are fun, because there's no doubt that of all the sports in this country, pro basketball has the best athletes.

SPORT: What differences do you see between coaching college and pro ball?

SUTTON: The timing device—24 versus 45 seconds—is the biggest difference. Any time you shorten the length of each possession, it takes a little bit of coaching out of the game. But anyway, I would get frustrated coaching pros, because I couldn't get used to players pacing themselves. Also, in the NBA, players sometimes lose that burning desire to win, because, in my opinion, they're overpaid.

SPORT: It was written over this past summer that you almost became an NBA coach. How close did you come to accepting the Nets job, as rumored?

SUTTON: Lew Schaffel [Nets executive vice president] is a longtime friend, and over breakfast one morning we talked about it. But it was never offered to me. In fact, it's too bad it came out, because it didn't help the Nets or Eddie Sutton any. I had no interest in the job.

SPORT: For the first time ever, the 45-second clock will be ticking throughout the NCAA Tournament. Do you think, since teams now won't be able to hold the ball, the clock will decrease the chances of those Villanova-N.C. State-type sleepers?

SUTTON: I don't think so. Talent will always win out if you force a team to go up and down the floor enough times. But 45 seconds leaves plenty of time for coaching and, as the competition gets more difficult in the tournament, coaches have a tendency to play more conservatively and closer to the vest, anyway. That's why coaching becomes more important at tournament time. Also, there is great parity in college basketball. There might be 5 teams that are better than anyone, another 15-20 that are going to be there, but there's very little difference between those and the next 75. I even think it's possible that one of these years some conference will duplicate what the Big East did last year and put three teams back into the Final Four.

SPORT: The clock is now uniformly and universally used throughout the season. Will it change the nature of the game?

SUTTON: Not really. But one thing I do expect is more defenses, whether zone or man-to-man, that will lie back in the paint to force the outside shot. That's why some of us feel that if you're going to have a timing device, you should pair it up with a three-point shot to make that long jumper more valuable.

SPORT: What other rule changes would you like to see?

SUTTON: I would take away the frontcourt counts. If you're going to have 45 seconds, what's the difference whether you hold the ball at midcourt or in the frontcourt area? And basketball is one of the very few sports where you can foul out of the game. Maybe we should do it like in hockey: After a certain number of fouls the other team gets into a bonus situation but the player stays in the game. I also think we're getting closer to international rules like the wider lane and the referee not touching the ball on out-of-bounds plays in the backcourt.

SPORT: Anything else you'd like to see changed?

SUTTON: The number of home games should be limited. Some schools, especially independents, play as many as 20. And I'm strongly opposed to newspapers publishing point spreads on college basketball games. I think gambling is sinful. Maybe that's not the right word, but it's wrong and illegal. And it's bad for amateur sports. I know the National Board of Basketball Coaches has appealed to sportswriters across the country to stop publishing point spreads.

SPORT: Before this season you'd won 342 games and lost 125. Is there any one that stands out in your mind as your best-coached game?

SUTTON: I'm going to surprise you, because it was a game we lost for the right to go to the Final Four in 1979 against Larry Bird and Indiana State. We lost on a last-second fluke shot and it was too bad because I believe, due to our quickness, we could have given Michigan State and Magic Johnson a better game in the finals than Indiana State did. I was very disappointed, but the game was a thing of beauty. I was never prouder of the kids or the job I'd done. ★

Tom Kertes is SPORT's college basketball consultant.

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WHERE HAVE YOU GONE, LUCKY PIERRE?

by David Whitford

LUCY'S CAFE, 267 WEST CHOCOlate, Hershey, PA. Family-owned for more than half a century. Nineteen tables, five waitresses on Friday and Saturday nights. Bartender's name is Joe. Lived in Pittsburgh 40 years and ran away to Hershey. He's 64 now, going on 65. Works the lunch shift, 11:30-2:00, but comes early and stays late.

"Hershey, it's unreal, absolutely unreal. No downtown or nothing, this is it. And the factory down there. You weren't here for the lunch bit, earlier?"

"No. Jammed?"

"Packed."

"That's why you're rich."

"I'm not rich, Pierre."

"You're rich in your heart, Joe."

"Oh, I know, yeah. I love people."

"That's what it's all about, isn't it?"

"That's what it's all about." Joe takes out a cigarette, lights up, inhales. "One time, Liberace was performing in Hershey. About 10:30 at night, his press secretary or somebody called and said, 'We have 12 of us, do you mind if we come by?' Down he came with the white mink down to his ankles. He posed with the two waitresses. He took one of these place mats and he wrote, 'To Lucy's Cafe, the food was excellent,' and he draws a baby grand piano and puts 'Liberace' on it. We get a few famous people, like Amy Alcott, the woman golfer, she was here. We had Ali here, Muhammad Ali. This year we had Bruce Sutter in, after he signed the contract." Joe looks at Pierre and smiles kindly. "No big thing. We'd rather have guys like you."

Pierre is sitting at a corner table, back to the wall, a rogue in mauve sweat pants, white T-shirt with lightning-bolt insignia and black Reeboks (no socks). He is drinking red wine and smoking one of Joe's Kent Lights. "What do you mean, you'd rather have 'guys like me?'"

"Well, what the hell. You come in, there's no big fanfare."

When Pierre Larouche burst onto the scene little more than a decade ago, he was hailed as the latest heir to hockey's most glamorous pedigree. A Quebecois, swift, flamboyant and possessed of an uncanny instinct for the net. A Flying Frenchman who recalled the legendary Canadiens of the Fifties and Sixties, Maurice Richard and Jean Beliveau. At age 20, in only his second NHL season, he became the youngest player ever to score 50 goals. He stood before a future without limits.

But Pierre did not wear his stardom well. Over 11 years with four different teams, he showed repeated, tantalizing glimpses of extraordinary talent, interrupted by long stretches of listlessness. Brash and impetuous on and off the ice, he clashed continually with coaches and teammates who wagged their heads and mumbled about what might have been.

Pierre Larouche has been a child prodigy (ask Pittsburgh) and a prodigal child (ask Hartford). He's scored lots of goals (ask New York) and ridden the bench (ask Montreal). But wherever he goes, the star remains the same. Ask Hershey.

PHOTOGRAPH BY NEAL PRESTON/CAMERA 5

KOHO

Then this fall, the final indignity. Pierre Larouche became a Hershey Bear. Even as the New York Rangers are slipping below .500 and the tabloids are clamoring for his return, the club's best scorer is skating in the minor leagues. He is 30 years old as the year turns.

Pierre Larouche "...is a star," Ken Dryden wrote in his memoirs, *The Game.* "He has been a star all his life, and everything about him is based on being a star." He was a star on the frozen ponds in his hometown, Taschereau, Quebec; a star for Sorel of the Quebec Junior League; and a teenage star in the NHL.

When he made his professional debut in Pittsburgh in the fall of 1974, the Pirates and the Steelers were in their glory. The Penguins, "they were struggling," says Pierre. "Here I come. I was young and single, I was scoring goals like crazy and I was skating fast. They had never seen a hockey player like that before."

With Pierre the Penguins consistently played to packed houses for the first time in franchise history. Women adored him. More than 15,000—"grandmothers, preschoolers, nymphos, almost everyone and everything," a Penguins executive remembers—entered a win-a-date-with-Pierre contest. He sat in kissing booths in suburban malls for charity.

Pierre was a 31-goal scorer that first season, an all-star and 53-goal scorer the next. "One night, this was my first year, I was playing with...I don't remember who. I was open all night, two-on-one, and he's shooting the puck in the glass, missing the net, and I was getting pissed. So after the game I walk in the locker-room and say, 'You guys better start passing me the puck!' The coach came in, he said, 'C'mon!' I said, 'The hell with you. You should tell them to give me the puck.' He said. 'Yeah?' I said, 'Yeah.' He said, 'You're suspended.' I said, 'Good.'"

That night, the team left on a charter flight to Buffalo and Pierre went home to his Pittsburgh apartment. Next morning came a knock on the door. It was somebody from the Penguins' front office, there to drive him to Buffalo, never mind the suspension. Pierre, amazed, thought, 'Shit, look what I can do.'

Pierre as a Pittsburgh Penguin, a Montreal Canadien, a Hartford Whaler, a New York Ranger—11 years, 701 games, 344 goals, 720 points—and as a Hershey Bear.

As long as he was scoring goals, Pierre could do anything he wanted. He partied hard, relaxed in practice, eased up on defense and no one seemed to mind. But it was beginning to grate. Management grew impatient, teammates bitter and—part cause, part effect—Pierre's production slowed; 29 goals the year after the 53-goal season, 6 in the first six weeks of 1977–78. There were angry confrontations, missed practices, suspensions. In late November 1977, Pierre was shipped to Montreal.

"I think we learned from some of the mistakes we made with Pierre," says Terry Schiffhauer, Penguins director of team services. "Last year we made sure that Mario [Lemieux, 1984–85 rookie of the year, another flashy Quebecois] was put in with a family. We knew that he'd have certain restrictions. Everything just happened so fast for Pierre. We didn't know how to cope with it. He certainly didn't know how to cope with it."

The pattern was repeated in Montreal. Early promise, one spectacular season (50 goals in 1979–80, the only time any NHL player ever scored 50 goals for two different teams), followed by disillusionment and ill-will all around. Pierre feuded openly with management and was benched for laxity on defense. In December 1981 Hartford picked him up for a switch of draft picks. By the time New York signed him as a free agent nearly two years later, the Whalers were glad to see him go.

But Pierre exploded one more time, scoring 48 goals and 33 assists for the Rangers in 1983–84. "A lot of people wrote me off," he told an interviewer for *The Hockey News.* "They thought I was done. They thought, 'That's it for him now. He's down.' No bloody way, baby. A lot of people are waiting and hoping for the downfall of Pierre Larouche and I'm going to disappoint them."

In October 1984 Pierre signed a three-year, $1-million contract. "I've never felt so comfortable in my whole life," he said shortly afterward. Then came a rash of injuries, a bout with the flu, more trouble with teammates and suddenly everything turned sour again. Pierre finished the season with half as many goals (24) and sat out the playoffs with a bruised hip.

Over the summer new head coach Ted Sator, a former assistant in Philadelphia, preached the importance of defense and hard work. He warned that roster spots for the coming season would be determined solely on the basis of preseason play. Pierre, true to form, had a lackluster camp. Even so, when he walked into the lockerroom at the end of training camp and found his stall empty, he assumed he had been traded. Instead, he was told to report to the Flyers' farm team in Hershey, on loan as partial compensation for Sator.

All told, the Rangers sent down five veterans at the start of the season, but only Pierre's sweater (no. 10) was given away. There were rumors that his fate was sealed before camp began, that Sator and GM Craig Patrick were motivated more by personal enmity than the Rangers' best interests. Clearly, Pierre did not respond to Sator's disciplined approach. "You can't do that to a player like Pierre," says Barry Beck, the Rangers' captain and Pierre's best friend on the team. "You have to have discipline and you can't have somebody break the rules. But his personality has to come out. That's when he performs the best."

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Sator insists Pierre was given a fair shot. "The fact that Pierre has been a 50-goal scorer speaks for his talent," says Sator. "The talent is what gets you recognized in the league. The work ethic keeps you here. Players who portray themselves as scorers have to do that. He was given all kinds of opportunities."

"Ted Sator wants it to be the Ted Sator show and that's it," Pierre says. "It's got to be his way and he doesn't want anybody to interfere with it, nobody to ask, 'Why?' I like to carry the puck, I like to deke people, I like to take chances. The things I'd done all those years, that's not what he liked. It's hard for me to believe my training camp decided my not being there. It's very hard to understand that."

Out on Hersheypark Drive there is a billboard shaped like a choo-choo train, at the entrance to Hershey's Chocolate World. Here, on a bright November morning with the sweet smell of chocolate in the air, the Hershey Bears are gathered for the annual team picture. They are dressed in their chocolate-brown road uniforms. Every time a car zooms past, they wave their paws and growl.

"You guys look like a happy team," the photographer says. In the front row, a position of honor reserved for team leaders, sits Pierre Larouche, about to be immortalized in the only minor league uniform he has ever worn. He has on rose-tinted glasses and is playing air guitar.

Bears president Frank Mathers leans on the railing at the mezzanine level inside deserted Hersheypark Arena, a soaring, prewar concrete amphitheater. The floor and walls are painted aquamarine. On the ice coach John Paddock is leading the Bears through an early-morning workout, which Pierre is doing his best to disrupt. He darts in front of the goalie, waiting on a two-on-one, and kicks his stick. He bounces a teammate off the boards and skates away, gloating. His laughter echoes in the empty seats. "Pierre was supposed to start his career here," Mathers says, recalling that Hershey was a Pittsburgh farm team in 1974. "But he got off on the right foot, had an excellent exhibition game and boom—he was gone."

Paddock says when he first heard Pierre would be playing on his team, he was apprehensive. Only a few hours drive by car from New York City, Hershey is nevertheless worlds away from the glamour of Madison Square Garden. There was speculation that he would refuse to report, later that he would quit after the first grinding bus trip. But Pierre is here, and happy, and now everyone in the organization is gushy with praise.

"He's one of the best things that ever happened to our team," says Paddock. "Obviously, he's talented. Since he came here he's been our most consistent performer, an excellent player. He's very lively and loose and keeps the guys relaxed. He has a bad reputation, sort of, but I haven't seen that at all."

'm a special person," Pierre says. "What I mean is, I got a special talent. I think that offends people. You can't treat your best player the same way you treat other people."

After practice Pierre pulls off his sweater in the steamy basement locker-room. Directly opposite his stall, in chocolate-brown letters high on the wall, is written A PROUD PAST. The reference is to the 48-year-old Hershey franchise, but Pierre understands the irony. "I got a feeling—and it's a shame, it hurts me—I won't play in New York again," he says. "I liked it there. It's exciting to play in the Garden, really exciting. It turned me on every time." Pierre looks around, takes stock of his surroundings. "Down here they treat me great. I think sometimes I'd rather be somewhere where they treat me well than somewhere where they don't want me."

Saturday night and the arena is rocking, 5,261 strong. The New Haven Nighthawks, a Rangers farm team, are in town and a win tonight could set up a showdown for first place in the Southern Division of the American Hockey League tomorrow night in Rochester. At 4:40 in the first period, Pierre gets an assist. When he leaves the ice at 5:31, it is 2-0 and the Bears are on their way. Pierre finishes with two goals and an assist, plus three for the night.

In many ways it is a typical outing for Pierre. His is an explosive talent. It comes in bursts, on a breakaway or an interception at center ice. Then he is hurtling to the net, in absolute control, playing out a foregone conclusion.

Afterwards two buses sit idling in the dark behind the arena. The Bears are headed to Rochester for the start of a 14-day road trip that will take them on a northern swing through the Maritime Provinces; Pierre will celebrate his thirtieth birthday while the team is in Fredericton, Ontario.

As Pierre settles into his seat, he sees former Rangers teammate Mike Rogers in the next bus, drinking a beer and eating a sandwich on a plate of tin foil. He taps on the window, but Rogers doesn't hear.

The Bears win again, 4-3. Pierre has a goal and two assists, 16 points in 11 games so far. Afterward, the mood in the lockerroom is somber. Early this morning, an hour after the team checked into the hotel in Rochester, Flyers goalie Pelle Lindbergh drove his Porsche into a wall and is brain dead. Later in the hotel bar the entire team, many of whom played with Lindbergh, gets together for a few beers. Pierre tells a friend that when he dies, he wants his ashes dropped from a plane over the island of Maui.

Six days later, Pierre catches a blade below the knee in the game against Fredericton, squelching for the time being rumors of his imminent return to New York.

The Rangers are struggling, and the fans want Pierre. All the old complaints—about his work habits, his lackluster defense—lose their significance in the face of the Rangers' obvious need for a potent goal scorer. Besides, "Asking a scorer to check," former Rangers coach Herb Brooks once said of Pierre, "is like asking Picasso to paint a garage."

Out two weeks, Pierre returns with a bang, scoring a hat trick on his second night back and nine goals in six games. "We're aware of what he's doing," GM Patrick tells reporters. Pierre, playing his best hockey in two years, waits by the phone. For now, Patrick does nothing.

I'm a special person," Pierre says one afternoon after another pasta lunch at Lucy's Cafe. He is sitting cross-legged on his bed in room 739 at the Hershey Lodge, holding a cigarette, staring out the window at an empty parking lot. "I don't know how to explain that to you. What I mean is, I got a special talent that's given to me that not too many people ever had. I think that offends a lot of people." He pauses, takes another drag. "You cannot treat your best player the same way you treat other people, that's what I'm trying to say. I could have done a lot more if I had been left alone, if I had been let free, loose. That's Pierre's style and that's the way it is. That's it. Go, baby! Go!" ★

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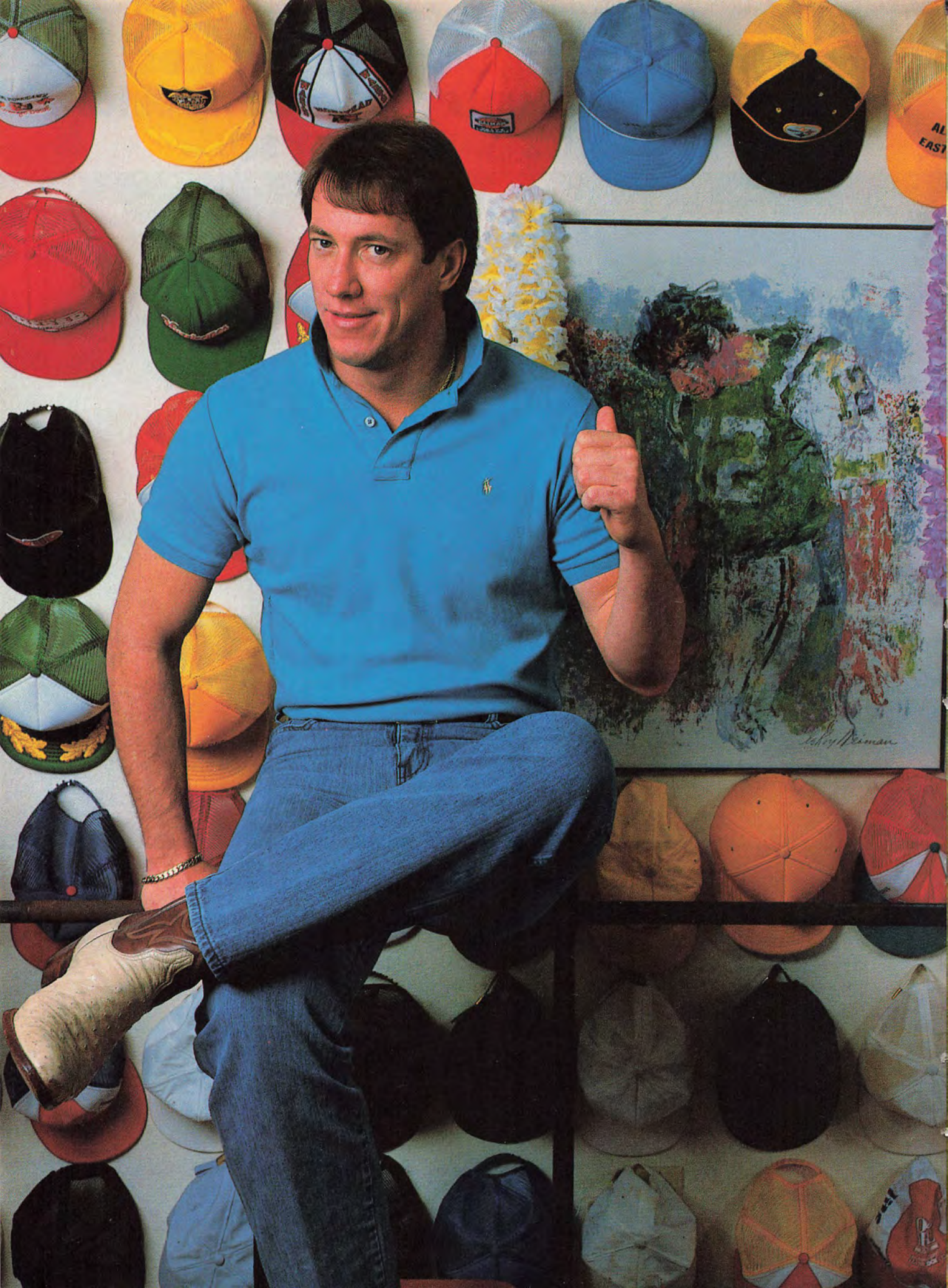

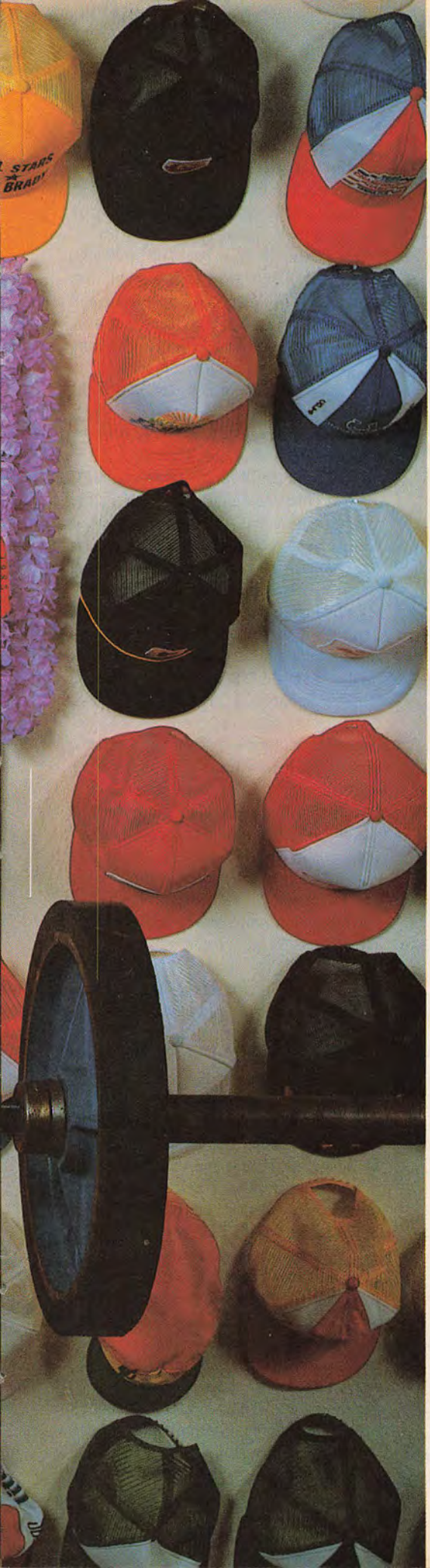

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN MCDONOUGH

THE MAN WHO WOULD BE NAMATH

Jim Kelly may be the USFL's last best hope. He has a loud arm and a rifle mouth. While he's waiting to use the arm this fall, the mouth's been hard at work.

by J. David Miller

Houston, Saturday night. The engine of Jim Kelly's Porsche 944 revs to a high whine, barely audible over its powerful Alpine stereo system. Kelly turns up the music a little louder, then grips the wheel with both hands. His 6-3, 220-pound frame fills the seat; his thick wrists are embraced by glittering gold bracelets and a watch; his muscular neck is adorned with a sparkling necklace bearing the numeral 12. The lows of Bruce Springsteen roll like thunder from the rear speakers. Kelly moves his head to the rhythm, his thumb taps the wheel.

Tires yelp as the Porsche roars off an exit ramp, whips nimbly down several sidestreets and into a parking lot adjacent to Fizz, a crowded nightspot oozing more style than *Miami Vice.*

The crowd of about 100 people outside doesn't seem to mind as Kelly presses to the head of the line. Instead, men stare quietly; ladies point, touch, smile. "Headin' to New York," Kelly says, slapping the back of offensive lineman Rick Kehr, who accompanies him. "Oooweee! Herschel Walker in *my* backfield. Ain't that a bitch?"

A bouncer, smaller than Kelly, nods politely as he swaggers inside the disco. Kelly strolls to the bar, winking confidently at a blonde, who slinks closer. A toast, he declares, flashing a steely grin and hoisting a bourbon and water. His attention is diverted by an overweight woman who saunters past. "What is this, Miss Piggy tryouts?" Kelly smirks, out of earshot. "When she walks, the floor rumbles," adds a grinning Kehr, who pretends to lose his balance. "Hey," Kelly interjects suddenly, resuming his toast, "if life ain't fun, then get the hell out."

Just three years ago, a Buffalo Bills scouting report appraised

Trust vs. Antitrust: The Survival Bowl

In September the USFL will try to take on the NFL at football, but in March they will meet in court. That battle will be more important than anything the new league could hope to accomplish on the field.

The nine remaining USFL clubs have been forced into hibernation by bare-bones financial cutbacks. Their front offices are manned by skeleton staffs. Some needy teams have sold star players to the NFL. Much of the savings from all that has been shuffled to the USFL office for legal fees in its $1.3-billion antitrust suit against the NFL.

At last count the USFL—which has lost $160 million in three years—had budgeted $3 million and subpoenaed over one million documents in pursuit of its case. In its 59-page complaint the USFL argues that the NFL has monopolized the three television networks in violation of antitrust laws. It also claims that NFL owners formed a sinister "USFL committee" to drive the new league out of business.

Harvey Myerson, a prominent New York antitrust lawyer hired by the USFL, talks like he can't wait to take on the NFL next month, when the case is scheduled for trial in federal court. "I think we have an overwhelmingly strong case," says Myerson, called "the Rambo of the law set" by one national publication.

The USFL claims a 1961 broadcast bill provided the NFL with an antitrust exemption to allow pooling of television revenues from a single network. "It hasn't worked that way," says USFL commissioner Harry Usher. "For 15 years the NFL has been on all three networks. And being on three networks without any understandings or agreements violates antitrust laws, in our opinion."

Paul Tagliabue, a top NFL attorney, couldn't disagree more. He points out that in 1966, the year of the merger, NFL games were carried by CBS and AFL games by NBC, and that in 1969 CBS and NBC "got cold feet" regarding Monday-night games. Rozelle finally persuaded ABC to carry them.

What is at stake ultimately for the USFL is access to a major TV contract for the fall, and survival. For the NFL, losing the case would upset its traditional relationship with the three networks, possibly opening the way toward pay-TV involvement. Beyond that, an antitrust ruling might bear on matters from the college draft to franchise movement.

Pittsburgh attorney Howard A. Specter, who represented Connie Hawkins in his successful antitrust case against the NBA in 1966, likes the USFL's chances. "It's a tough one to call," says Specter, "but I wouldn't mind being on their team. I have no love for the USFL, but I think they've got a shot. When you turn on your TV set, what you see is the NFL."

Usher insists that even if the USFL loses its case, it will operate next fall with nine teams: New Jersey, Baltimore, Orlando, Tampa Bay, Birmingham, Arizona, Jacksonville, Memphis and Portland, the former Denver franchise. Houston merged with the New Jersey Generals. None of the other clubs has put up the first $500,000 payment on a $1.5-million letter of credit to remain active.

NFL sources, however, claim that three USFL owners—Donald Trump of the Generals; Myles Tanenbaum of the Baltimore Stars; and Billy Dunavant of the Memphis Showboats—are actually plotting behind the scenes to dump their fellow owners by seeking a merger. They have a formidable ally in Sen. Albert Gore Jr. (D-Tenn.), who told the NFL it should consider adding six new teams by 1991, perhaps leading off with Memphis.

The six-team expansion idea and a get-rich scheme involving pay-TV were discussed by Myerson and Tagliabue in a private meeting. "We were invited to discuss the possibility of a merger," says Myerson. "I met with their counsel. Speaking for myself, we were not particularly interested." Tagliabue, however, says Myerson called his office and asked for the meeting to discuss ideas on a settlement.

Trump's NFL Gambit: Can he beat them *and* join them?

Exactly one week after the Myerson-Tagliabue meeting, the NFL owners voted not to consider any merger or settlement with the USFL.

Myerson said the USFL intends to rely heavily at trial on the deposition given by the NFL's renegade, Al Davis, managing general partner of the Raiders. Davis has publicly admired the pioneer spirit of the USFL owners.

"Basically, he offered to testify and do everything to help us win this case," says Ehrhart. And, as everybody knows, Al Davis never loses in court. —*Gordon Forbes*

Kelly—then a senior at Miami—as "better than John Elway...sheer talent...mature...the kid is great." Today, with two-season statistics rivaling those of any quarterback in history, Kelly is Trumped by the United States Football League as its proof of legitimacy.

In case you've never heard of Jim Kelly, that's okay. The USFL, after proving that football was not meant to be played in the spring, has moved to a fall season to correct that very problem. This year it plans to go head-to-head with the NFL.

If the USFL were a boxer, the fight might already have been stopped. Sagging against the ropes, it has only three weapons left: Donald Trump, a $1.3-billion antitrust lawsuit against the NFL (due in court March 18) and Jim Kelly.

The league has reason to hope that Kelly can attract the same notoriety that Joe Namath brought to the AFL 20 years ago. Kelly's former team, the Houston Gamblers, has conveniently merged with Trump's New Jersey Generals this off-season, taking advantage of the New York media that the USFL hopes will make Kelly a household name.

"Running backs are great, but quarterbacks bring credibility," says a top USFL official. "We need Jim Kelly in New York to survive." And not just because of his arm; Kelly has a Joe Namath mouth as well. "I want to see the New Jersey Generals in the NFL kicking ass," Kelly says. "I want to prove once and for all we would burn up that league. We would definitely win more games than we lose." He pauses. "I guarantee it."

With such high stakes riding on Kelly's 26-year-old shoulders, it's ironic he almost never made it to the pros. Offered a scholarship to mighty Penn State as a linebacker, Kelly shocked Joe Paterno by saying no thanks, he was a quarterback. Two years later, starting his first game for the University of Miami, Kelly led the Hurricanes to a 26-10 upset of the Nittany Lions before a national television audience. Kelly was named MVP, as he would be in every national TV game he played in college. A Heisman candidate his senior year, he missed most of the season after suffering a right shoulder separation. Scouts were dubious Kelly would ever regain the zip in his passing arm, but one look prior to the '83 draft was convincing. "I was with Buffalo when he came in for a workout," remembers Jerry Glanville, now head coach of the Houston Oilers. "From the time he stepped on the field, I knew he

was a superstar."

Kelly says he cried the day woebegone Buffalo made him a first-round draft pick in 1983, *ahead* of Tony Eason and Dan Marino. Even so, Kelly was on the verge of signing with Buffalo when scrambling USFL officials reached him via telephone at Bills headquarters. More dough and pick where you go, they offered; a relieved Kelly left and never returned. His choice, the Gamblers, obliged with a five-year, $4-million "escalating" contract, which keeps him among the three highest-paid quarterbacks in the league. His current salary: about $800,000 per.

The dividends, meanwhile, have compounded annually for the USFL. Kelly finished his rookie season in 1984 with 5,219 yards and 44 touchdowns, despite being sacked 75 times. He earned another passing title last year, despite missing a month with stretched knee ligaments. While NFL commissioner Pete Rozelle downplays any USFL-NFL comparisons, he has failed to prevent Kelly's numbers—and braggadocio—from igniting a rivalry between him and the Dolphins' Marino. "When Dan Marino looks over his shoulder, he sees me," says Kelly. He pauses thoughtfully, then adds, "Don't mention Dan too much. He gets enough publicity."

Earl Morrall, the former NFL passing craftsman who tutored Kelly in college under Miami head coach Howard Schnellenberger, supports his former pupil. "Marino has a quicker release," Morrall concedes. "But I doubt Marino could make the reads Jim makes in his offense."

Kelly's two-season resume lists 83 touchdowns, 9,842 yards in the air; 6 touchdowns, 663 yards on the ground; thirteen 300-yard games, two 400-yard games, one 500-yard game; and 730 completions in 1,154 attempts for a league-high efficiency rating of 98.1 "Kelly throws deep better than any quarterback I've ever seen," says Denver Gold offensive coordinator June Jones, a former NFL quarterback. "He puts the ball on a line. You see the receiver 55, 60 yards downfield, then blip, it's in his hands 2 feet from the sideline. Marino can't do that. Joe Montana probably can't even *throw* that far."

Kelly's fearlessness "makes him as tough as they come," says Glanville. "The kid will take on linebackers, defensive backs, it doesn't matter. Even when he makes a wrong passing decision, he is so strong, he can still force the ball in there and make things happen." Former Cleveland Browns coach Sam Rutigliano

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agrees. "If Kelly entered the NFL, I wouldn't be surprised to see him prove he is the best in football," he says.

Joe Haering, a former N.Y. Jets assistant coach, got his first look at Kelly while coaching for the now-defunct Pittsburgh Maulers in '84. Haering was confident "we could stop him if we intimidated him. So we roughed him up, blitzed the hell out of him." Kelly was sacked four times, and put out of the game in the first quarter when his passing hand was used for a trampoline by the Pittsburgh defensive line. "Our guy came back to the bench and said he'd stuck Jim pretty good," Haering says. "Then I look over on their bench, and, damn, he's warming up again. I said to myself, 'Oh, shit.'" Kelly finished the game with 367 yards and five touchdowns.

Although Donald Trump—now owner of two millionaire quarterbacks—has tentative plans to trade Boston College star Doug Flutie, Kelly waves off the potential challenge. "I'd win the job, anyway," he says. "With Herschel Walker in my backfield, nobody can stop us," he predicts.

"Not the 49ers, not the New York Giants, not the L.A. Raiders. Did I leave anyone out? Nobody will be able to stop us...except God."

Chalk squeaks as an NFL assistant sketches a rough defensive outline on a dirty blackboard. His mission: stop Jim Kelly and the wide-open Run 'n' Shoot offense; four wide receivers, one running back, never a tight end, and a zillion passes. "I play a nine-man line," he says, "making sure I have a man in every gap of their offensive line. I play the outside receivers man-to-man, being sure to jam them hard. We put linebackers on the slotbacks and hit them so hard they don't get downfield. Then we pray our guys get to Kelly before he has time to look downfield."

Two weeks later, the strategy is drawn up on a soiled napkin for Kelly. "Get real," he says, working his way through his second plate of scrambled eggs, bacon, sausage and grits in a fancy Houston restaurant. A thin chocolate-milk mustache lines the rim of his upper lip, giving him a junior-high look. "He's already beat, whoever the dumb-ass is. I agree we don't have any Randy Whites or Mark Gastineaus in our league. But they still couldn't stop us, even if we didn't match up evenly with talent." Pressed on this point—"This coach said with the speed and acceleration of a good defensive line in the gaps, you'd never get the ball off..."—Kelly interrupts, waving his hand. "He forgot, obviously, to take into account the speed and acceleration of my right arm, the speed and acceleration of my receivers." Mouth full, Kelly manages a guffaw. "He lines up man-to-man with my receivers and he's beat right there. You miss that jam one time? Bye-bye. Touchdown."

Kelly's playing style is a throwback to the Sixties, when a great quarterback was measured by touchdowns and toughness, not by the number of his endorsements. Against Denver, when one of Houston's pint-sized receivers was hit late out of bounds by a linebacker after a catch, Kelly sprinted to the sideline, stood screaming chest-to-chest with the oversized culprit, then smacked him in the face. His antics, of course, earn him late hits by frustrated defensive linemen, but he says, "If I get hit late, I tell them, 'good lick.' That really pisses them big suckers off."

"I could stop him with a nine-man line," says an NFL coach. "He forgot my right arm," replies Kelly.

Everybody doesn't buy Kelly's act. His abrasive assertiveness, after a while, begins to lose its appeal. His stiff challenges to the NFL may be puff, because he may never have to back them up. "Sure, Jim talks a lot," agrees Trump. "Sure, everybody doesn't like him. The bottom line, though, is he wins. He backs it up on the field. He makes headlines. He puts fannies in the seats."

"Jim is not as out-and-out cocky as he appears to be," says Earl Morrall, not really meaning it. "He's just so confident in himself, everyone around him suddenly feels the same way. Kelly is a message to a nation...he is up to the task. Don't challenge him. He might surprise you."

But what if Kelly really faced a top NFL defense? The Bears' defense, or the Raiders'? Steve (Ming the Merciless) McMichael. Danimal Hampton. Lester Hayes and Mark Haynes. "He won't see paper-thin coverages in the NFL," says Chicago defensive coordinator Buddy Ryan. "He's good, but he's nothin' special." Consider, too, that even Cliff Stoudt, certainly nothing special in Pittsburgh, has actually set records in the USFL. In college Kelly's lack of speed earned him the nickname "Slewfoot." NFL scouts accuse him of going deep too often. "He commits too early to the deep pass," says one. "He doesn't recognize the underneath stuff soon enough."

Kelly takes such criticism quietly, sitting tight-lipped for several minutes. Then, sighing emphatically, he makes it clear he doesn't need Jim McMahon's sunglasses, crewcuts or rolled-up sleeves. He looks toward heaven at the mere mention of Marc Wilson. "Dave who?" he deadpans in regard to Dave Archer, the Atlanta Falcons' starter. "I do talk a lot," he agrees, "but if you go out and do it, you're not bragging. If the NFL is so good, why won't they play us?"

Seattle Seahawks quarterback Dave Krieg is rolling to his right as mammoth members of the Denver Broncos' defensive line follow in hot pursuit. Krieg stops, eyes moving right to left, and unloads a projectile that arches 50 yards high while traveling 45 yards downfield. The ball, in flight, clears the upper deck of Denver's Mile High Stadium.

"Where's he throwing, the moon?" asks Kelly, who is wearing nothing but shorts as he lies on the floor before his big-screen television. "The receivers are downfield, not in the cheap seats." Two of Kelly's five brothers, Danny and Ed, who work for him and live with him, laugh aloud. Earlier in the day, Danny had played in a physical flag-football game, and now wears bruises to prove it. A cute brunette sits on the sofa next to

Continued on page 51

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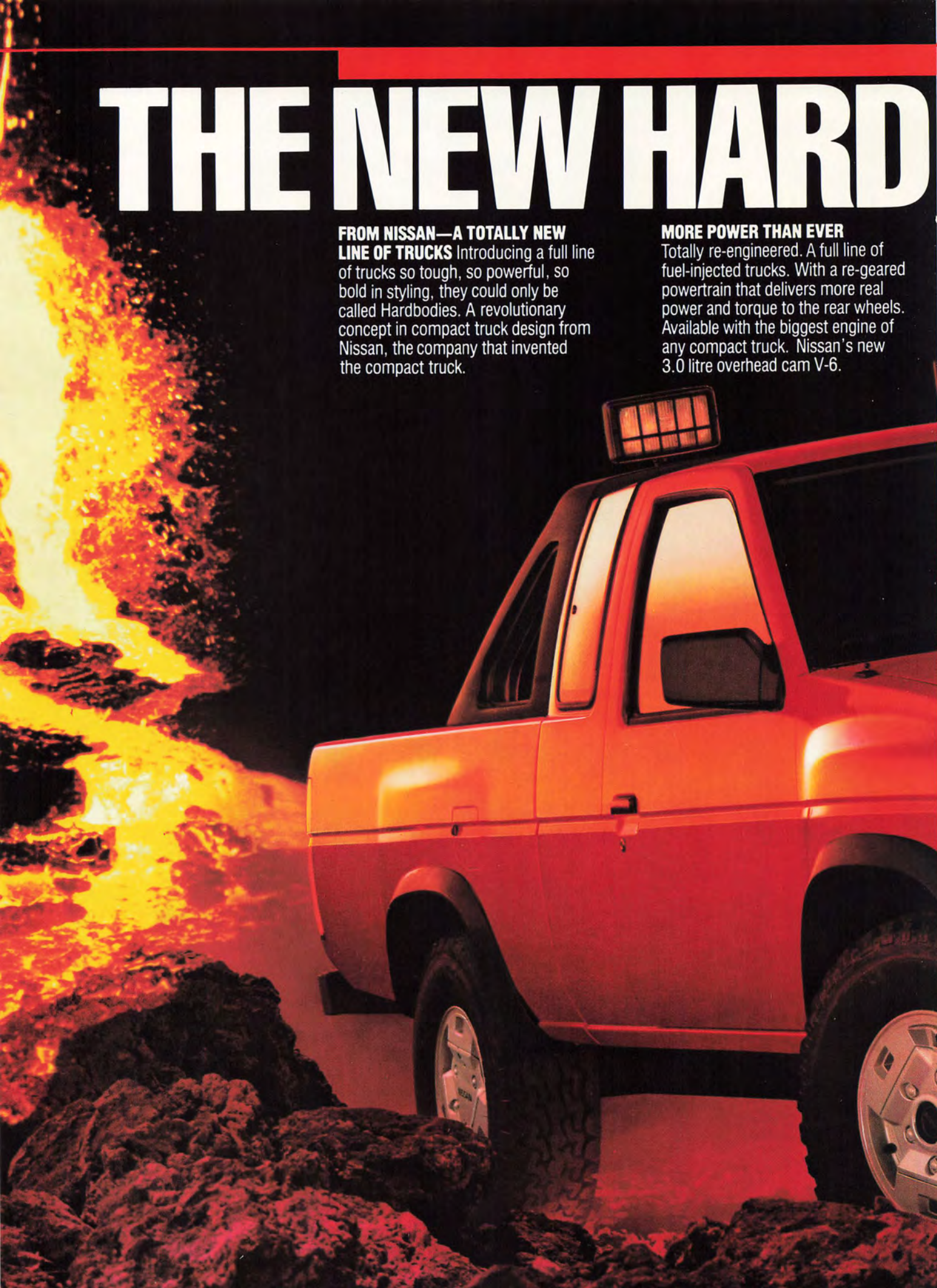

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The Nissan SE King Cab® 4X4
Optional light bar, grille and brush guard shown here not available until April '86.

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Nissan knows that power alone doesn't make a truck great. It takes a truck designed with agility and finesse, too. Witness the new Nissan—the airfoil roofline, raked windshield, sloped hood and flared fenders. They weren't designed to make this Hardbody the sleekest, hottest-looking truck on the street—they're a function of aerodynamics designed to improve performance, reduce noise, and deliver a smoother ride.

Nissan SE King Cab 4X4 in Thunder Black

Standard Regular Bed 4X2 in bright red—Nissan's lowest sticker-priced Hardbody

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BUILT TOUGHER FROM THE GROUND UP Every Hardbody truck is built around a new, reinforced box-ladder chassis as tough as the steel from which it's cast—a chassis that handles a 1400 lb. payload on all the new E, XE, and SE models. A clean new underbody design—featuring a beefed-up independent front suspension—creates Nissan's best-ever ground clearance. And more galvanized steel is used in its underbody and sheet metal for even more rust resistance.

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Nissan XE Long Bed 4X4 in Platinum

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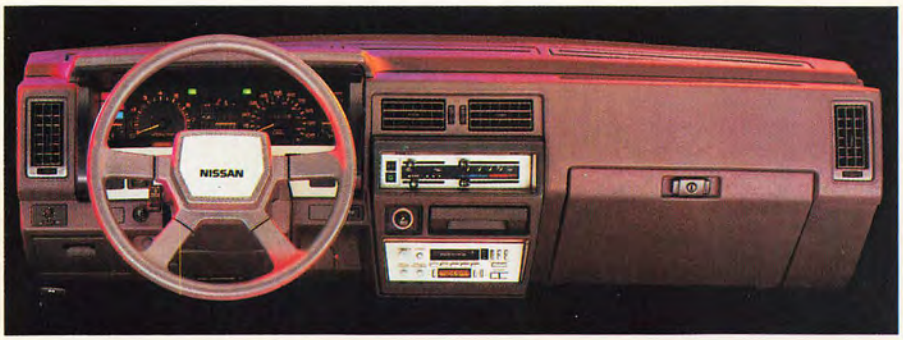
BIGGEST CARGO BOX Double walls of steel shape a cargo box so wide and deep, this new Nissan has the biggest cargo volume of any leading standard compact truck. It's wider, too, between the wheel wells, accommodating a wider track and bigger tires. Incredible attention was paid to even the smallest details. Case in point—the tie-down hooks. They're hidden—set into the cargo-side walls until you pop them out. These patented pop-up hooks are a Nissan exclusive, standard on all SE models.

BIGGEST, FATTEST TIRES The biggest, widest (P235/75R15) factory-available tires of any compact truck are standard on the SE 4X4. If the biggest aren't big enough, trick-out the SE with Nissan's optional 31 X 10.5 R15's mounted on new alloy wheels. It's the hot set-up.

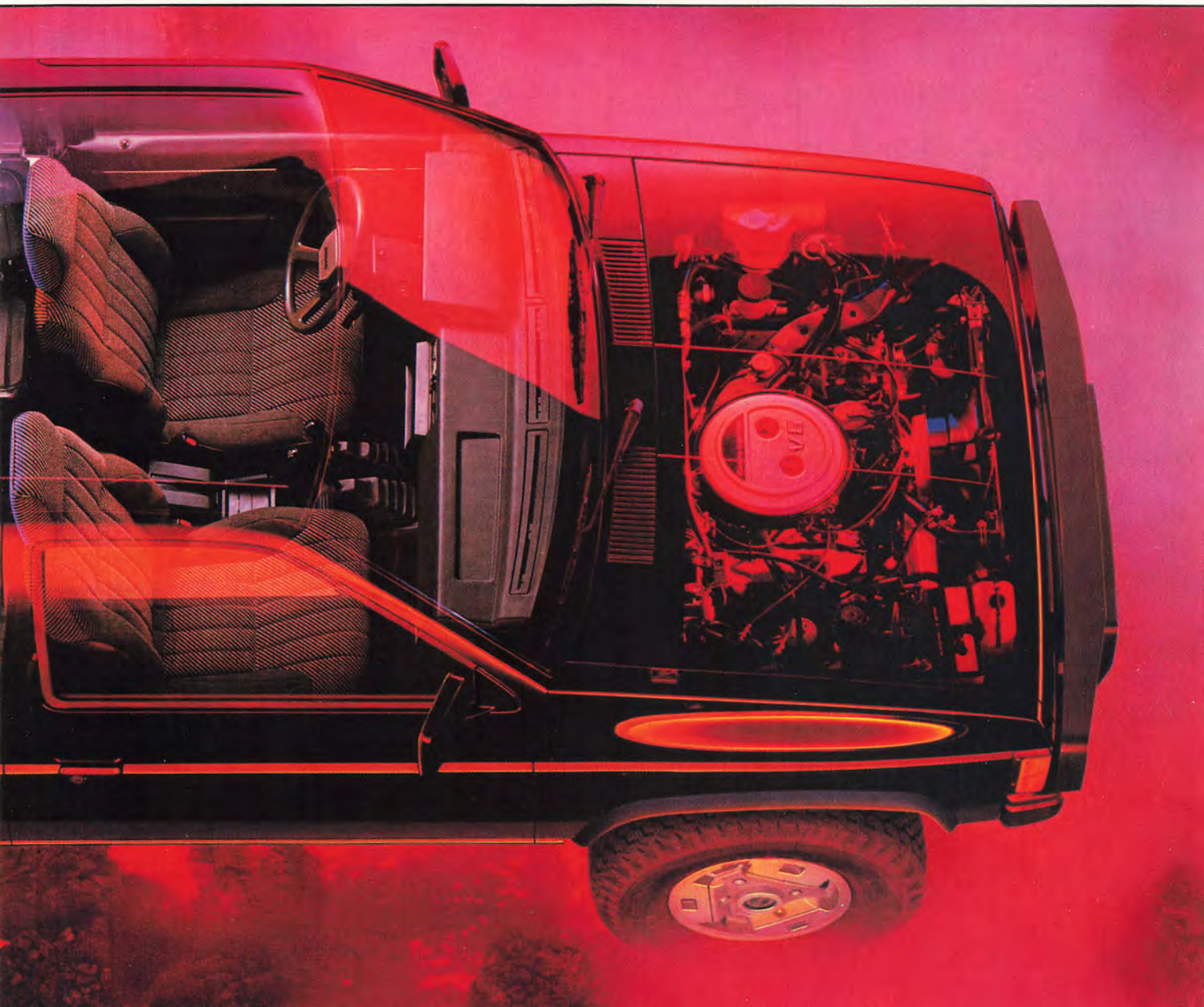
BIGGER KING CAB® America's best-selling extended-cab compact truck is now even better—and bigger. With more lockable space behind the buckets—for people or cargo. This new King Cab® introduces hideaway jump seats that fold flush into the side walls—another Nissan exclusive. And, new side windows wrap into the roof for extra visibility.

BIGGEST, ROOMIEST CAB—DESIGNED AROUND YOU Move into Nissan's biggest cab ever. Discover roominess head and shoulders above anything you ever expected in a compact truck. Look through the big side windows and huge windshield—the visibility is Nissan's best ever. New insulation and aerodynamics combine to dramatically reduce interior noise. Ventilation is improved, too. Nissan calls it ergonomics. You'll just call it intelligent. With full instrumentation laid out the way it should be. Easy to read. Easy to reach.

ROOMIEST TRUCKS EVER



WIDE CHOICE OF OPTIONS There's a Hardbody truck for everybody. Regular Bed. Long Bed. King Cab.® 4X2. 4X4. The long list of options includes the only 4-speed overdrive automatic transmission in any compact truck. A big, new air conditioner. A Power Package (available with Sport Package) with power windows and doorlocks, cruise control, variable intermittent wipers, dual electric outside mirrors, and a superb AM/FM stereo cassette 4-speaker system. And the list goes on. Outfit a Hardbody truck any way you want—there will never be an ounce of fat on it.



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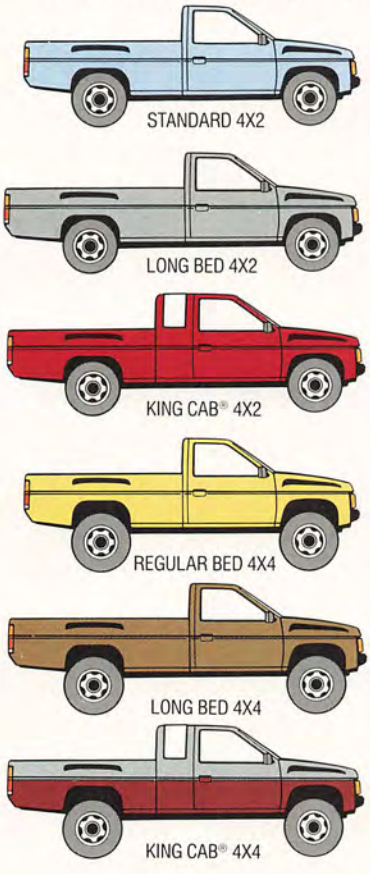

NISSAN TRUCKS DIMENSIONS AND WEIGHTS	REGULAR BED	LONG BED	KING CAB®	REGULAR BED	LONG BED	KING CAB®
		4X2			4X4	
Wheelbase (in.)	104.3	116.1	116.1	104.3	116.1	116.1
Length Overall (in.)	174.6	190.0	190.0	174.6	190.0	190.0
Width (in.)	65.0	65.0	65.0	66.5	66.5	66.5
Height (in.)	62.0	62.0	62.0	66.7	66.7	66.7
Track—Front (in.)	54.9	54.9	54.9	56.1	56.1	56.1
Track—Rear (in.)	54.5	54.5	54.5	54.5	54.5	54.5
Headroom—(in.)	39.3	39.3	39.3	39.3	39.3	39.3
Legroom—(in.)	42.2	42.2	42.6	42.2	42.2	42.6
Shoulder Room (in.)	55.3	55.3	55.3	55.3	55.3	55.3
Payload (lb.)[1]	1400[2]	1400	1400	1400	1400	1400
Bed Length (in.)	72.6	88.0	73.4	72.6	88.0	73.4
Bed Width (in.)	59.8	59.8	59.8	59.8	59.8	59.8
(Between Wheel Wells)	41.7	41.7	41.7	41.7	41.7	41.7
Bed Depth (in.)	17.1	17.1	17.1	17.1	17.1	17.1
Transmission (std.)	M50D[3]	M50D	M50D	M50D	M50D	M50D
Transmission (opt.)	A40D[4]	A40D	A40D	N/A	N/A	N/A
NISSAN TRUCK ENGINES	**2.4L I-4**			**3.0L V-6**		
Displacement (cc)	2389			2960		
Horsepower @ rpm	106 @ 4800			140 @ 4800		
Torque (ft. lbs.) @ rpm	137 @ 2400			166 @ 2800		
Induction System	Single Point Fuel-Injection			Single Point Fuel-Injection		

[1]Heavy-Duty Payload Available 2000 lbs. [2]Regular Bed Standard Payload 1000 lbs. [3]Manual 5-Speed Overdrive. [4]Automatic 4-Speed Overdrive.

Nissan trucks are available with a wide choice of trim levels (STD, E, XE, and SE), exterior colors (11—including 3 great new two-tones), and interior colors (4—including a new dark red).

NISSAN NISSAN

BELT YOURSELF

THE NAME IS NISSAN

Continued from page 42

him, rubbing his wounds. Ed, who once kicked a 53-yard field goal at Slippery Rock University, rests comfortably on the other end of the plush sofa. A half-eaten pizza hangs off the coffee table.

A look around the home confirms one thought: Nobody *needs* a house like this. The home is 10 large rooms, complete with double-fronted fireplaces, sprawling kitchen and dining room, winding staircase, den, living room with an indoor garden of small trees and plants, a weight room and cathedral ceilings. Outside is a pool, Jacuzzi and a landscaped yard ("We did the landscaping ourselves," Kelly vows). "Trust me," he says in dead seriousness, "we remember where we came from, and we never want to be in that position again." Where is East Brady, Pa., still home to his parents, Joseph and Alice, both Irish Catholic. Joe worked 18-hour days as a machinist. Shortly after signing with the USFL, Kelly tried to buy them a new home, but they refused. Not to be denied, he renovated their existing home (the same one in which he grew up), bought his father a spanking new Lincoln Continental and let his mother pick out all the furniture she'd always wanted.

"I always wanted to take my mother in a store and be able to say, 'I'll take that and that and that and that and that and not worry about what it was or how much it cost. We can do that now," Kelly says. Aside from his house, Kelly's only purchases for himself consist of "a few" guns and a set of golf clubs. Promotional deals include a new car every 5,000 miles and $25,000 worth of furniture.

Jim likes to say he thinks he's slowing down, but Ed and Danny still share his home in an atmosphere of extended adolescence. "I'd rather stay home and have a few girls over and enjoy a quiet evening," says Kelly, grinning. "Of course, two girls at a time." He erupts into raucous laughter. "My brothers would kick the hell out of me if I even mentioned marriage."

Dad settled differences between the boys the old-fashioned way. "He put helmets and gloves on us and we duked it out," Jim says. "I hit my brother Danny so hard one time he didn't know where he was. I was on top of him, hitting him, bam, bam, bam, and he didn't know where the hell he was." The Kelly household was a perpetual game of King of the Mountain. "I'd beat up my little brothers, then my big brothers would come beat the shit out of me," Kelly says. "That's where my toughness came from. You couldn't let your brothers know you were hurt, or they'd beat you some more. I'd be hurting on the inside like a sonuvabitch, but on the outside, I was laughing at them. You couldn't be a baby, you couldn't cry. Or you'd be dead."

Joe Kelly devoted hours upon hours to making his sons athletes. For the other brothers, success was average. "Jimmy, though, Jimmy had that 'little special' in him. He could throw a spiral when he was eight years old. Eight years old, you hear that? It's unusual for an eight-year-old to do that with such small hands."

That "little special" was all Joe needed for motivation. At that point he envisioned Jimmy on television, scrambling away from defenders, hurling pinpoint passes 55 yards and doing miraculous things with a football. "I painted myself a picture," he says, "and I started putting the pieces together." Joe hung a clothesline in the backyard, for example, making Jim fire pass after pass toward the thin rope. "I'd make him move to the left, move to the right and make him hit that spot," Joe says. "I always wanted one of my boys to be a quarterback."

While most boys left school at noon for lunch, Jim went to practice. "I'd go home and Dad would have me in the backyard throwing, punting and kicking," Kelly remembers. "It got so hard I used to skip lunch every once in a while and tell him I was going to the store with my buddies to eat. I didn't have any money, though, so that meant I didn't eat at all. It was painful back then, but thank God he pushed me. Without him," Kelly pauses to take in his plush surroundings, "all of this never happens."

How do you defense Herschel Walker and Jim Kelly?" shouts Kelly. "Hell, the NFL is scared of it."

A night on the town with Jim Kelly is not for the faint of heart. His driving rivals that of Danny Sullivan on a winning day, and his drinking, well, "I'm Irish, and I drink like a mother," he says. Kelly constantly interrupts his bourbon and water for a "peach-fuzz" shooter, which is anything but light. "Goes down easy," comments a bystander. "Wait till it comes up," Kelly laughs. He shoots another, chases it with a stiff belt of bourbon, then wipes his mouth with the back of his hand. "I've been this way all my life. Why should I change? I don't put on a show, I don't change for anybody...nah, I'd even take President Reagan to Fizz."

But not a woman who smokes. After watching his mother suffer an 80-percent breathing disability from emphysema, he staunchly refuses "to kiss ashtrays" and see "somebody else suffer what Mom has suffered through." Kelly has a few other convictions, but don't ask him to elaborate. "People give me a lot of heck over this, but God is a part of my life, and always will be," he declares. "I'm down to earth. I live my own life, and I don't preach to other people. What's in your heart is what counts. There's only one person up there, and that's the good Lord. I go to church when I can, and I pray a lot more than people think." For several seconds he is silent, then erupts into an ear-to-ear smile. "Especially when there's a big sucker chasing my ass."

A cathedral ceiling gives way to huge picture windows in Jim Kelly's den. As if by design, a beam of morning sunlight falls on a single gold-framed picture. Captured on the canvas is Joe Namath, moments after his Jets' 16-7 triumph over the Baltimore Colts in Super Bowl III. Jersey torn, the numeral 12 streaked with mud, helmet dangling in hand. The last man to take on the NFL and win. "People tell me I'm Joe Namath," Kelly says. "I just say, nah, but I *am* a helluva quarterback."

Kelly walks outside, hops in the Porsche and revs the engine. Tires squeal and the car roars out of the driveway, past a stop sign and around the corner with a scrape of rubber. "Tell me, how do you defense Herschel Walker, Jim Kelly and four wide receivers who run 4.3 40s?" he shouts. Houston scenery dissolves behind him in a kaleidoscope of colors. "The NFL won't talk about it. Hell, they're scared of it."

He turns his eyes to the road, slams the car into fifth gear and turns up the stereo. ★

J. David Miller wrote about John Elway in the September '85 SPORT.

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AN APPRECIATION OF FORM THAT IS WINNING BOTH IN COMPETITION AND IN EVENING LIGHT, AND SOMETHING TO WARM YOUR SPIRITS ON A CHILLY WINTER NIGHT.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BERT STERN

Stacy Oversier, 19, clogged across the sand-worn floor boards of the beach hut, folded her model's body into a chair and considered the scene on the beach below, where photographer Bert Stern and his assistants were posing Brit McRoberts, all legs in leotard and cutoff T-shirt, on a blanket. "You know," she said, "everyone has this idea of what a woman athlete is supposed to look like—big, muscular, like a man. It's nice to show it doesn't have to be that way."

That is what we had in mind: an appreciation of women athletes as naturally beautiful women. The athletes pictured on these pages all are among the top performers in their sports. Brit McRoberts is a champion middle-distance runner; Stacy Oversier (pictured on our cover and here with her hoop) is a world-class rhythmic gymnast. Several are Olympians, including a gold medalist, and one is the leading money winner in her sport.

To bring out the woman in the athlete, we enlisted Stern, an award-winning fashion photographer, best known for the photographs of Marilyn Monroe collected in his book *The Last Sitting*. Then we enlisted Puerto Rico, especially El Yunque, the rain forest; the mountains; the cliffs and the miles and miles of beaches. Natural beauty on natural beauty.

Photographed at the Palmas del Mar resort in Humacao, in southeastern Puerto Rico, and at the Condado Plaza Hotel & Casino in San Juan. Makeup by Maria de Schneider. Hair styling by Julien D'Is. Styling by Fabien Martinez. The cover photograph was shot at Condado Plaza; swimsuit by Speedo. The photograph here was taken at the cliffs at Palmas Del Mar; the swimsuit is by Connie Banko.

TRACIE RUIZ

Synchronized swimming got a glamorous start as an Olympic sport, when Tracie, here catching rays poolside at Palmas del Mar, won gold medals in both the solo and duet competitions. The 23-year-old Woodinville, Washington, resident (she was born in Honolulu) has since been putting on synchronized-swimming exhibitions, some with full-orchestra accompaniment, and preparing for the World Aquatic Championships in Madrid next August.

BRIT McROBERTS

Canada's answer to Mary Decker Slaney shows off her kick on the beach at Palmas, in a leotard by Norma Kamali. Brit, 28, has held Canadian records in the 800 meters, 1500 meters and the mile. After a seventh-place finish in L.A. ("a tactical error, I've had better times") and an '85 outdoor season spent mostly at home in Vancouver nursing injuries, Brit is on a comeback trail that runs through New York's Madison Square Garden for the Millrose Games, February 14.

Coca-Cola

DAPHNE JONGEJANS

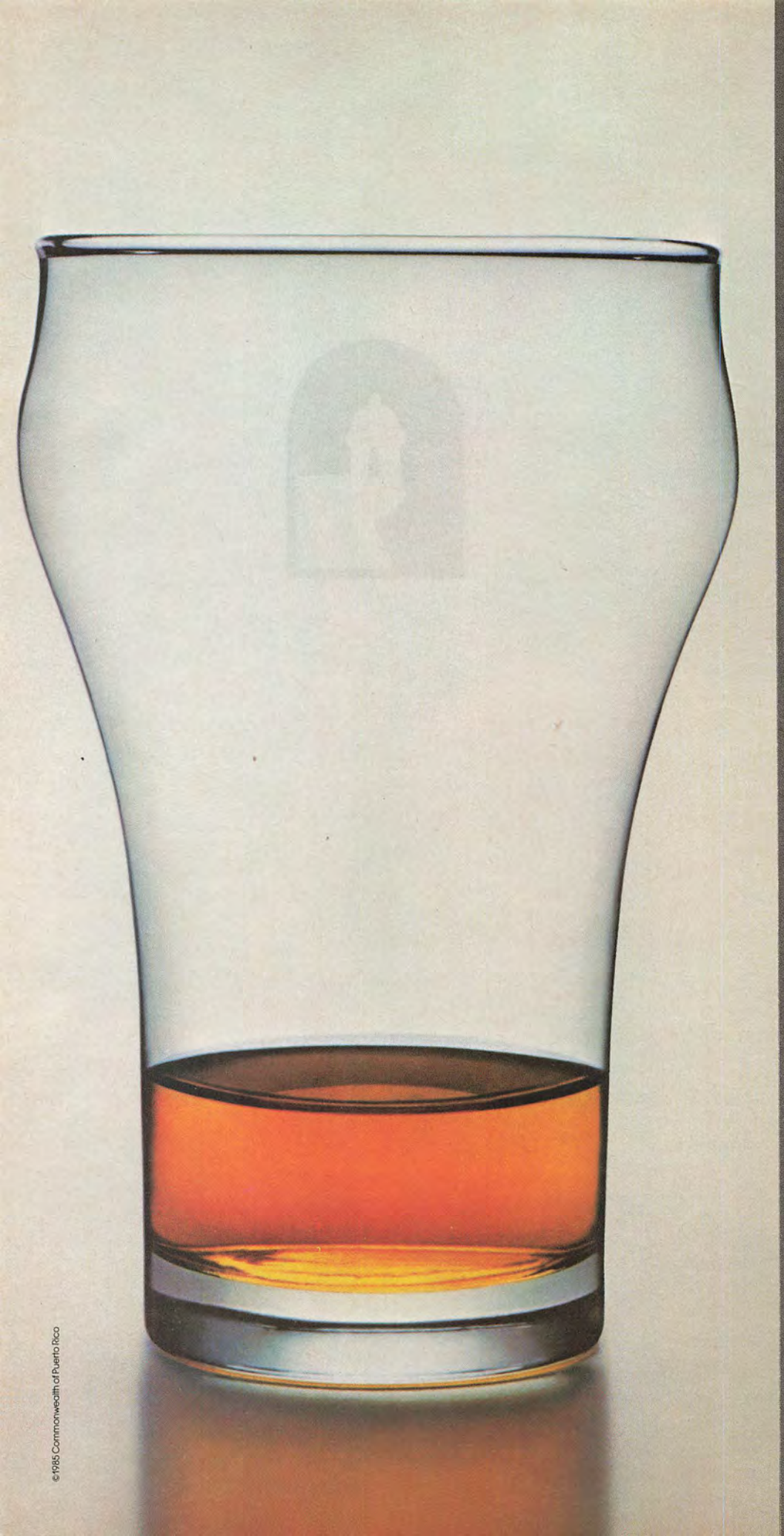
Diving for her native Netherlands, Daphne turned heads at the L.A. Games, and except for one bad dive might have turned in a medal-winning performance off the three-meter board. She's since followed the sun to the University of Miami, where as a 20-year-old sophomore she is an all-American (third in the NCAAs in the one-meter last year, eighth in the three-meter) and one of the favorites in the national championships coming up March 20–22 in Fayetteville, Arkansas.

CAMILLE DUVALL

Camille strikes a Wonder Woman pose amid the rocks and surf at Condado Plaza, in a suit by Norma Kamali. The 25-year-old from Winter Park, Florida (5-11, 135) is one of the top women water skiers in the world, the sport's leading money winner and its very best at the slalom. You might have seen her, in a Fuji Film commercial, skiing boldly through a huge color photo of a boat. You can also see her on TV at the U.S. Masters over Memorial Day weekend.

STACY OVERSIER

Stacy turned to rhythmic gymnastics seven years ago after she "grew too tall" (she's now 5-8) for the more familiar brand of the sport. The Los Angeles native, put on a pedestal here at the Condado Plaza pool, in a suit by Speedo, is a favorite to make the U.S. Olympic team in '88. That is, unless her many modeling offers get in the way. The silver medalist at the '85 National Sports Festival, Stacy faces a challenging July, taking on the world at the Goodwill Games before going for the gold at the '86 Festival in Houston, Texas.



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THERE'S A REVOLUTIONARY SPIRIT THAT HAS CHARACTER, DIGNITY, AND TASTE. BUT UNFORTUNATELY, YOU'VE BEEN BURYING IT UNDER COLA. NO MORE. THE TIME FOR RUM HAS COME. THAT IS, IF WE'RE TALKING ABOUT THE RUMS OF PUERTO RICO.

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FIND THE SPIRIT YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR.

RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

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WAKE UP, IT'S SPRING

So you've been hibernating ever since the Cardinals' Andy Van Slyke flew out to the Royals' Daryl Motley last October. Well, while you've been sleeping, rules have changed, injuries have healed and ballplayers have been playing ball.

Now spring training is upon us and we've got news that will warm you. Stars have been burning bright on the diamonds this winter. In Florida, Puerto Rico, the Dominican Republic and Venezuela, where suspects spend the winter months trying to

PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL BALLENBERG

remove the doubts and where prospects try to enhance their standing, some future big-leaguers have lit a fire. Here are the big six to watch this spring.

THE WINTER STARS

Andres Galarraga
1B
Expos

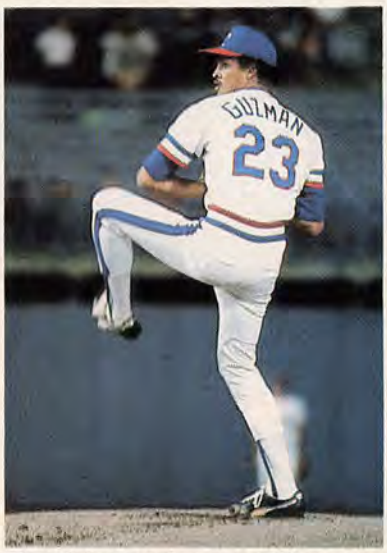
Galarraga's winter with the Caracas club was a reinforcement of what the Expos have thought all along—this man has plenty of power. Galarraga, who finished second in the American Association in home runs and RBIs last year at the age of 24, was among the Venezuelan leaders in both categories. "He has power enough for Yellowstone," says one scout. "I know that's an old line, but he gives it new meaning." Galarraga also gives the Expos new hope at first. Not only does he drive the ball deep, but he is a legitimate first baseman, quick and agile around the bag, with the soft hands to get the throw in the dirt.

Wally Joyner
1B
Angels

Ever since he was drafted out of Brigham Young in June 1983, the lefthanded-hitting Joyner has been considered a premier glove man with a Rod Carew-type bat. He has always had a good knowledge of the strike zone, and was basically an opposite-field hitter. During the winter, however, with Mayaguez in Puerto Rico, Joyner added run production to his resume. He found himself battling for the Puerto Rican triple crown, finally beginning to pull the ball the way the Angels had hoped he would once he gained confidence in his ability to hit for average in pro ball.

Billy Joe Robidoux
1B/LF
Brewers

Robidoux's .404 average with the Aguilas Club in the Dominican Republic proved further that he is ready to make the big jump from Double A, where he led the Texas League in hitting (.342), runs (112), hits (176), doubles (46) and RBIs (132). A lefthanded hitter, Robidoux seems to be just as comfortable facing lefthanded pitchers as he does righthanders. And with Cecil Cooper recuperating from off-season surgery, the Brewers will give him a long look at first, which is his better position. If Robidoux winds up in left, it's just to get his talented bat in the lineup.



Big winter numbers earn Guzman a place in the Rangers' rotation.

Jose Guzman
RHP
Rangers

The Rangers liked what they saw of Guzman last year in Triple A at Oklahoma City, where he was 10-5 with a 3.13 ERA, and then in September with the big club (3-2, 2.76). This winter Guzman has cemented his high standing in Puerto Rico, where he won five of his first six decisions for Mayaguez with a 1.48 ERA. He has developed consistency with a fastball that has picked up 10 miles per hour in velocity (to the consistent 90-mph level), perhaps due to the 35 pounds in weight he has put on since the Rangers signed him as a skinny 6-3, 150-pounder out of Puerto Rico prior to the 1981 season.

Paul Assenmacher
LHP
Braves

Two years ago Assenmacher threw as if his future lay with a 9-5 job somewhere. But then the Braves decided to give him a shot in the bullpen. What a relief. After a 6-0 record, 4 saves, 2.56 ERA and 11 walks and 56 strikeouts in 52.2 innings at Double A last year, Assenmacher got better in the Dominican. While winning his first 4 decisions for Estrellas, Assenmacher allowed only 3 runs in 27⅓ innings. As a reliever he's picked up a couple of miles on his fastball, which also has that nasty lefthanded movement.

Scott Bailes
LHP
Indians

After a solid season at Double A, Bailes acquired some big backers with his performance during the Florida Instructional League. In 36 innings he had a 1.75 ERA, allowing fewer baserunners (16 hits, 15 walks) than innings pitched, while striking out 34. An afterthought in the June 1982 draft, Bailes has filled out physically, thanks to a conditioning program, and with the physical maturity has come velocity. His fastball moves and is a legitimate 89 miles per hour. He can also pitch with his breaking balls—slider and curveball—and can get the ground-ball outs with the sinking fastball. Once he learns to consistently keep that sinker down, Bailes will be real trouble for major league hitters.

Other winter wonders to watch this spring

LaSchelle Tarver, center field, Red Sox (.350 and led the Puerto Rican league in stolen bases); Milt Thompson, center field, Phillies (.337); Edwin Correa, righthanded pitcher, Rangers (2.53 ERA); Chris Green, lefthanded pitcher, Pirates (1.67 ERA); Felix Tejeda, lefthanded pitcher, Dodgers (9-3, 1.24); and Candy Sierra, righthanded pitcher, Padres (4-1, 1.37 ERA). *—Tracy Ringolsby*

BIGGEST SURPRISE OF 1986

"Watch out for the Baltimore Orioles. Outfielder Mike Young will play 162 games and all their pitchers won't have subpar years again."

Pat Corrales
Manager, Indians

ON THE ROAD BACK

A whole mess of ballplayers spent a lot more time down at the Nautilus center this winter than they did on the beaches and bar stools. Here's a look at some of the players whose off-season programs just might be critical to their careers.

● **Bruce Sutter** *(Pinched Nerve).* In late June Sutter began to feel this little ache in his shoulder, and soon that little ache had turned into a big ache. In December a pinched nerve that had been cutting off the blood flow to his shoulder was discovered. He had surgery to fix it on December 12 and spent the rest of the winter laboring to build back his strength. But the Braves don't expect him to be ready when spring training opens. And it's even-money whether he'll be ready when spring training closes.

● **The Cubs Rotation** *(Everything).* The good news for the Cubs is that the leg injuries of Rick Sutcliffe and Scott Sanderson have healed and both should be ready by the opening of camp. The biggest fears surround Dennis Eckersley and Steve Trout. Eckersley, who is suffering from tendinitis in his shoulder, was

told to rest all winter. The Cubs say they are optimistic, pointing out that he had this injury in Boston and came back healthy. Meanwhile Trout, who blew out the ulnar nerve in his elbow after the All-Star break, was also told to rest, and the Cubs are worried that he may never pitch effectively again. It has been an uneasy off-season at Wrigley Field.

Vince Coleman: Ready to tarp, er, start, the new season.

●**Roger Clemens and Mark Langston** *(Mystery Arms).* They were the two prize pitchers of the American League's rookie class of '84. But in '85 Clemens' shoulder started to hurt, Langston's elbow did the same and now the prognosis on both is very uncertain. By the time the Red Sox sent Clemens off for shoulder surgery on August 30, he couldn't do much more than lob the ball. Five months later his trainer, Doc Boston, is claiming that "he'll be scaring 100 miles per hour in '86." We'll see.

The Mariners' Langston, on the other hand, went through the winter still unable to figure out what was wrong. Doctors told him to rest and see if he felt better. Naturally, neither he nor Seattle could get much rest after that.

●**Vince Coleman** *(Chipped Knee).* Fear not—Coleman, who had his leg digested by the voracious tarp machine at Busch Stadium, will live to spring again. In January he told the Cardinals that he was running full speed and feeling no aftereffects from the most frightening and provocative injury of the 1985 season.

●**Bill Caudill and Bill Madlock** *(Firming Up).* Caudill hired a Canadian Olympic weight lifter named Wayne Wilson to help him add some strength while shrinking from 231 to 205 pounds this winter. Madlock bought a house in Los Angeles and set about a three-times-a-week workout program designed to strengthen his injured knee and cut his weight from 230 to 195. "In Pittsburgh," he says, "they didn't encourage players to take care of themselves. So I just let my body go."

●**Terry Forster, Charlie Kerfeld and Mark Bailey** *(Slimming Down).* Forster, Kerfeld and Bailey all checked into fat farms over the winter in hopes of saving their careers. Forster weighed 272 when the season ended and was told by the Braves that he wouldn't have a job if he didn't get down to 215 by the start of the season. In January he was still working on it.

BIGGEST SURPRISE OF 1986

"I think the Cubs will come back to where they were before, maybe not to the point of '84, but close. And the player that's really gonna be the talk of baseball is Shawon Dunston."

Pat Gillick
GM, Blue Jays

When new Astros manager Hal Lanier was hired, he told Kerfeld (who went from 240 pounds to 275 *during* the season) he wouldn't be allowed to throw a single pitch until he could convince a scale he was under 240. So Kerfeld ran off to a spa in Arizona. His pal, Bailey (who gained 15 pounds, to 240, while catching 110 games), went mostly to unlearn what one Astros official once called "the worst eating habits I've ever seen."

●**Ozzie Smith and Robin Yount** *(Rotator Cuff).* Smith knew all season long that something was wrong with his shoulder, but got really worried when it still ached two weeks after the World Series. The doctors who diagnosed his problem as a torn rotator cuff suggested rest instead of surgery. The Cardinals are hoping that even if the doctors are wrong Ozzie, who relies more on positioning than arm strength, will still be able to play.

The Brewers, though, are confident that Yount is fully recovered from his September shoulder surgery, but they're calling him a centerfielder now, not a shortstop. *—Jayson Stark*

If someone had a strong year in '85, look closer. Many players who the stats say were hot last season were not so hot down the stretch. Here are some trends within the trends on who was rolling and who was flat when they last played.

WHO WAS HOT

Dwight Evans, Boston Red Sox

	AVG.	HOME RUNS	RBIs
Overall:	.263	29	78
Second Half:	.294	20	50

Darryl Strawberry, New York Mets

	AVG.	HOME RUNS	RBIs
Overall:	.277	29	79
Second Half:	.309	22	62

Brian Downing, California Angels

	AVG.	HOME RUNS	RBIs
Overall:	.263	20	85
Second Half:	.301	15	51

Don Aase, Baltimore Orioles

	W-L	ERA	SAVES
Overall:	10-6	3.78	14
Second Half:	5-2	1.94	12

Teddy Higuera, Milwaukee Brewers

	W-L	ERA	PCT.
Overall:	15-8	3.90	.652
Second Half:	10-3	3.28	.769

WHO WAS NOT

Tom Brunansky, Minnesota Twins

	AVG.	HOME RUNS	RBIs
Overall:	.242	27	90
Second Half:	.211	8	35

Tommy Herr, St. Louis Cardinals

	AVG.	HOME RUNS	RBIs
Overall:	.302	8	110
Second Half:	.268	5	44

Ruppert Jones, California Angels

	AVG.	HOME RUNS	RBIs
Overall:	.231	21	67
Second Half:	.178	5	26

Jay Howell, Oakland A's

	W-L	ERA	SAVES
Overall:	9-8	2.85	29
Second Half:	1-5	4.38	11

Joaquin Andujar, St. Louis Cardinals*

	W-L	ERA	PCT.
Overall:	21-12	3.40	.636
Second Half:	6-9	4.58	.400

**Andujar has since been traded to the Oakland A's.*

THE NEW GROUND RULES

During the off-season, some new rules and some new policies have affected the way teams have done and perhaps will do business. Here is a look at some of those changes and what they will mean.

TRADING DEADLINES. In the past teams could trade with teams in the other

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league only twice a year—once in the fall immediately after the season and once in the spring immediately before the season. Teams could make trades within a league until June 15 each season. Waivers were needed at all other times for deals outside the trading periods. Now, however, trading has been opened up so that any team can trade with any other team no matter which league they're in, from the day after the end of the regular season through the following July 31. Only from August 1 to the day after the end of the season are waivers required.

If these rules had been in effect last season, at least one divisional race would have been affected. Last July the Angels attempted to acquire Bert Blyleven from the Indians, and toward that end Cleveland placed Blyleven on waivers. But when a competitor of the Angels blocked that deal, California—who ended up losing in the West by just one game—had no recourse. Blyleven was subsequently moved to the safely-out-of-the-race Twins.

Major league general managers feel these changes will lead to more teams making trades during the season, especially in July as they head into the second half. By that time teams pretty well know where they stand in the races and what they need.

FREE-AGENT RULES. The draft of negotiating rights to free agents has been eliminated, meaning all teams can now negotiate with all free agents. But that new rule had less impact on teams' free-agent practices than the clubs' new policy to regain control of player movement. The clubs clearly aimed to induce free agents to re-sign with their 1985 clubs. By the beginning of the year, for example, none of the 62 free agents had received offers from anyone other than the teams they played for last season. Furthermore, clubs had begun offering a maximum of three-year contracts instead of the five- and six-year deals they had lavished on free agents in the past.

What this will mean down the road is more players filing for arbitration. A key testing ground will come this spring, when Tim Raines, Fernando Valenzuela, Leon Durham, Gary Ward and John Tudor—all having only a year of service left with their clubs before being eligible for free agency—will probably opt for arbitration, rather than sign one of the shorter-term contracts being offered.

With the battle lines thus drawn, it will be interesting to watch what will happen to player movement. Will players continue to choose one-year arbitration contracts, holding out hope that a name like Valenzuela or Raines will be able to break the owners' resolve? Or will the owners be able to curtail the now decade-old pattern of free-agent movement?

ROSTER SIZES. The collective-bargaining agreement says that each team has the right to carry only 24 players if they so choose on an individual basis. During the winter more and more teams indicated they would carry 24 instead of the customary 25 as a cost-saving measure. If the twenty-fifth player turns out to be a rookie, his progress toward the majors would be retarded. If, on the other hand, the twenty-fifth player is a fringe veteran earning $400,000, his career in all likelihood would be over. Some teams may hold to the 24 limit throughout the season. Chances are, though, that if one contender in a division brings in a twenty-fifth player, the other contenders will quickly follow suit—not wanting to be placed at a possible disadvantage.

THE DESIGNATED HITTER. Commissioner Peter Ueberroth decided unilaterally that the results of his poll on the future of the designated hitter were inconclusive and threw the issue back to the owners, who have opted for the status quo. Ueberroth, however, has reserved the right to determine the DH's role in the World Series, and he has decided that instead of alternating each year, the DH will be used every year in American League parks. Ironically, the American League, which has been at a great disadvantage in the last two DH-less Series (when the Orioles couldn't use Ken Singleton and the Royals were without Hal McRae), will again be cheated this year. The DH had been scheduled for use in all seven games. —*Murray Chass* ★

BIGGEST SURPRISE OF 1986

"The Seattle Mariners beat us 13 out of 16 times in 1985 and we scored 21 runs in 11 games. They scare me."

Dick Howser
Manager, Royals

THE ODDS OF MARCH

The odds must be crazy. The Dodgers and Blue Jays favorites to win the 1986 World Series, at 5-1? The world champion Royals undervalued at 10-1? How about taking a chance on those 100-1 Mariners?

AMERICAN LEAGUE EAST	
TORONTO BLUE JAYS	5-1
NEW YORK YANKEES	7-1
DETROIT TIGERS	8-1
BOSTON RED SOX	15-1
BALTIMORE ORIOLES	15-1
MILWAUKEE BREWERS	50-1
CLEVELAND INDIANS	100-1

AMERICAN LEAGUE WEST	
KANSAS CITY ROYALS	10-1
CALIFORNIA ANGELS	15-1
OAKLAND A'S	20-1
CHICAGO WHITE SOX	25-1
MINNESOTA TWINS	75-1
TEXAS RANGERS	100-1
SEATTLE MARINERS	100-1

NATIONAL LEAGUE EAST	
NEW YORK METS	6-1
ST. LOUIS CARDINALS	7-1
CHICAGO CUBS	15-1
MONTREAL EXPOS	15-1
PHILADELPHIA PHILLIES	75-1
PITTSBURGH PIRATES	100-1

NATIONAL LEAGUE WEST	
LOS ANGELES DODGERS	5-1
CINCINNATI REDS	12-1
SAN DIEGO PADRES	20-1
ATLANTA BRAVES	25-1
HOUSTON ASTROS	25-1
SAN FRANCISCO GIANTS	100-1

The odds above have been provided by handicapper Ernie Kaufman, the sports editor of Gambling Times, *and are based on the rosters of all 26 clubs as spring training approached.*

BIGGEST SURPRISE OF 1986

"Besides my Rangers? Willie Upshaw of the Blue Jays. The guy's got tremendous potential and a great swing and this year he'll be awesome."

Bobby Valentine
Manager, Rangers

DALLAS DOES BASKET

Texans love basketball so much they're hosting the NBA all-stars and the NCAA Final Four. What ever happened to football?

by Skip Bayless

It is Friday night in Dallas, Texas. But the real J.R. isn't going to watch *Dallas*. The real one despises the way the TV show depicts Dallas as if it's Houston.

Houston is about oil, armadillo-skin boots, Stetsons and Cadillacs with bar and bedroom. Dallas considers itself far more cosmopolitan, a Houston in white oxford-cloth button-down with monogrammed cufflinks. Dallas sees itself as New York without the crowds or crime, an L.A. without the traffic or "hippie element." Dallas is far more Yuppie than "Oilie," the Texas term for the barons of crude. A Dallas restaurant is "upscale" or "high-tech," or it's probably empty.

In the last 10 years, corporations from American Airlines to Kimberly-Clark have relocated in "Sunbelt" Dallas. Big D is all about big "bidness," as Cowboys coach Tom Landry says. (Landry wouldn't be caught dead in cowboy boots and hat—except, of course, in an American Express commercial.) The real J.R. is a partner, not pardner, in a downtown law firm, or the president of an ad agency, or the chairman of the board of Bidness, Unlimited.

And on this Friday night, he isn't going to Gilley's—that's the honky-tonk near Houston—or even to a high school football game. That's Myth Number Two: There are only two sports in Texas—football and spring football. You see, there's a new game in Dallas, another relocation of sorts. So what if it hit Houston and San Antonio first? Dallas is, sniff, Dallas.

About 5:30 our J.R. slides into his BMW, picks up a client at another phallic downtown office tower and, in five minutes, they're in the renovated Warehouse district, being valet-parked at Dallas' version of New York's Palm restaurant. Quick cocktail and dinner, and they're heading another few blocks, past the Kennedy Memorial, to Reunion Arena. Just six

Owner Donald Carter cheers on Sam Perkins (left) and the Mavs. In trendy, upscale Dallas, it's become the new thang to do.

years old, Reunion is across from renovated Union Station train depot and tower restaurant. Everything in Dallas is new, and Dallas loves to look at itself in its mirrored buildings.

By 7:15, J.R. and his client are in the firm's season seats down near the floor. And by halftime, they've come out of their jackets and loosened silk ties and they're stomping freshly shined Johnston and Murphy's to the Rolling Stones' "Start Me Up" and yelling "In your face, Kareem!" and "He walked from here to Texarkana, ref!" They're among yet another sellout 17,007 who are making enough noise to raise the roof—if there was one—at Texas Stadium.

J.R. goes to Cowboys games, too. But one just doesn't scream in Landry's house of worship. This is different. This—forgive them, Lord—is basketball. And at Reunion, Dallas' most successful carry on like, well, like Redskins fans.

The Mavs are the hottest ticket in Dallas, if not in the NBA, having sold an unofficial league-record 14,000 season tickets. They could have sold more, they say, but they'll always save at least 3,000 for walk-up customers (the small bidnessmen, you know). At a charity auction, a Dallas jeweler bid $23,000 for two baseline season seats.

What's more, Dallas will host the NBA's All-Star Game on February 9. The city's power brokers are treating it like another Republican convention, which did Dallas in the summer of '84.

How do you follow the All-Star Game? Merely with college basketball's Final Four, March 29–31. Dallas is treating *it* like a Super Bowl. And a huge media

bash is planned for, yes, South Fork. "It isn't Dallas," says Rick Baker of the Dallas executive committee, "but it's what out-of-town media people *think* Dallas is."

Dallas a hoop hotbed? The Mavericks challenging the Cowboys' dominance? Who'd have believed it? Stormin' Norm Sonju did. "There is nothing like it in America," gushes Sonju, the Mavs' GM. "It's a miracle. I thank God every day for it." Only in Dallas.

Sonju was a "snowbird," the Texas term for a transplanted Northerner, the general manager of the Buffalo Braves. When the Braves moved to San Diego, Sonju, like so many snowbirds, came South with a dream. Sonju dared to start an NBA franchise in Cowboys country. Even in the Can-Do City, this was can't-do.

Sonju compiled a list of 143 potential investors. The sole criterion: that they have a net worth of several million dollars. Sonju says, "To think there were that many blows my mind."

So did this: that all 143 turned him down, deciding basketball just wouldn't make it in football-worshiping Dallas. "There were a lot of racial knocks," Sonju says. At the time, NBA attendance was falling, while rosters had risen to some 80 percent black. Besides, in 1973 the ABA Chaparrals fled Dallas' Convention Center for San Antonio, where they became the NBA Spurs. Sonju recorded the reasons for each rejection in a little yellow book. And then he met Donald Carter.

Ironically, one of the few Dallasites at Reunion who could have walked right off the *Dallas* set is the Mavs' owner. Perhaps you've seen closeups of him on national TV games. Carter sits—rather, stands—front row, 50-yard line. And he screams. And leaps. And raises Cain, if not Abel, setting the tone for one of the NBA's loudest crowds.

Rootin', tootin' Carter, age 52, actually wears a 10-gallon hat. And lizard-skin boots, ranch-worn jeans and honky-tonk shirts. Throw in his styled gray-blond hair and rimless specs and Carter could sing backup for Mickey Gilley. You keep waiting for him to draw six-guns and shoot at the ceiling. When really cranked, the Mavs' owner might even yell, "Ref, what 'chu been drankin'?"

But Don Carter is not what he appears. He grew up a ducktailed greaser, laying miles of rubber around North Dallas High. Back then, Carter was more interested in hot rods and hot women than sports. "I knew what basketball was," he says, "but I'd never seen a game."

Then he met a freshman at North Texas State University. She played basketball. In his wallet, Carter still carries a picture of No. 37, wife Linda. He now calls her "Mama."

His real mama sold home decorations out of the Carters' lower-middle-class living room (Don's dad had left for greener pastures). Just little trinkets and pretties for the mantel or walls. Anything to make a buck. Today, Home Interiors and Gifts, Inc. is one of Dallas' biggest businesses, with annual retail sales of $540 million,

Carter prayed long and hard on his choice, and God said, "Dick Motta."

and Don (executive vice president) and his mama, Mary C. Crowley (president), are two of the city's wealthiest. Only in Dallas.

Then on Christmas Day, 1977, Carter crashed his latest hot rod—a Mitsubishi jet—in the Dallas fog. Carter nearly died; then he experienced a Christian rebirth. And please, we're not talking about the stereotypical Texas millionaire Christian who figures he can buy his way into heaven while sinning like hell. Carter seems genuinely to have given his heart, not to mention many millions, to God.

Carter also is a Cowboys fan, right down to the Texas Stadium luxury suite he still owns. Through his high-level Christian work, Carter "got to know Tom [Landry] and Roger [Staubach]." And he was "led" to do something for Dallas the way Tom and Roger had. How about a basketball team "built on a Cowboys model, building through the draft with quality people?" W.A. Criswell, pastor of Dallas' First Baptist, boasting the world's largest Baptist congregation, recommended Sonju, also a high-profile Christian, to Carter. Sonju says he answered Carter's—and God's—call.

One Dallas sports columnist immediately named the franchise the Dallas Fish, because it appeared the NBA had just set its hook in a rich Texan. No one in Dallas who mattered gave the venture much of a chance. The Cowboys were coming off their fifth Super Bowl appearance in nine years, and Dallas demanded a winner. If racism didn't get this basketball team, losing would.

Would Sonju soon be hooted out of town? His standards had been set by perhaps the classiest front office in sports—the Cowboys' Landry, Tex Schramm and Gil Brandt. Yet Sonju, 47, a hyper, hand-waving 6-4, was like a rookie playing out of control. Sonju, in fact, did play basketball for Grinnell (Iowa) College, and for him life remains one big fast break.

Bang! He chose the nickname Mavericks in a fans' write-in contest. And bang! The University of Texas-Arlington Mavericks, located just outside Dallas, screamed plagiarism. Besides, why would a team being built on "Cowboys stability" call itself the Texas term for unbranded cattle or lost calves? Sportswriters began comparing Sonju's Mavs to the baseball Rangers of owner Eddie (Oil Can) Chiles. The Rangers have had 13 managers in their 14 Texas seasons. You can buy only laughing stock in the Rangers.

Before a Mavs coach could be hired, came the NBA draft. The Mavs' brain-trust took UCLA's Kiki Vandeweghe, who immediately said he wouldn't play in Dallas (and never did. To this day, Kiki is booed every time he touches the ball at Reunion). And bang! Sonju signed free-agent center Ralph Drollinger, an ex-UCLAer playing for Athletes in Action. True story: Drollinger was signed for three years, $150,000 per, in a hospital room where he was recovering from knee surgery. He played just six games, scoring 15 points—$30,000 per. The Dallas Fish?

Finally, in a highly publicized flap, Sonju argued against Carter's "gut feel" hiring of coach Dick Motta. Yes, Motta

had built a winner in Chicago and an NBA champion in Washington. But Sonju researched Motta's history of self-destruction, making it clear Motta didn't exactly coach by the Bible. But Carter prayerfully decided that Motta would be just the patterned-offense tactician and disciplinarian for a young team. Carter, as usual, was right. "I pinch myself every day," says Carter, who insists "God Bless America" be sung before each home game.

Who's writing this tale, Billy Bob Shakespeare? The first thing let's do, let's thrill all the lawyers? That, inadvertently, was the first thing the Mavs did. Somehow, staying downtown for dinner and the Mavs' games just became the thing to do.

Inadvertently, the Mavs' timing couldn't have been better. They came into the league in 1980 on the heels of Boston's Larry Bird, who brought back white fans, including Dallas'. And the Mavs hit town just as Cowboys quarterback Roger Staubach, whose Dallas legend rivals Landry's, was ascending into business.

The Cowboys just haven't been the same since. As Danny White tried to fill Staubach's winged cleats, the Cowboys lost three straight NFC championship games. Then, after the '82 season, they lost in the first round of the playoffs. In '84 they missed the playoffs for the first time in 10 seasons.

Linebacker Thomas (Hollywood) Henderson admitted he played on cocaine, then wound up in prison. The names of other Cowboys stars were linked to a federal drug investigation. Lots of spoiled Cowboys fans got sick or tired of the spoiled Cowboys.

The Mavericks, meanwhile, were offering a slick production in a beautiful new building with convenient parking. For Sonju, casual attire means a suit with no vest, and he insisted his staff treat each customer as if he or she were a bank officer. Sonju just hoped the first-year fans wouldn't notice a team featuring Jim Spanarkel, Tom LaGarde and Abdul Jeelani (who actually caught on as "Abba-dabba-do"). Sonju says, "I figured it would take some fans two games to realize we were the team in white."

But Sonju was surprised by how knowledgeable Texas-bred fans were, and thankful for a crowd that may have been the NBA's slowest to boo. And even in 40-point defeat, Motta's first-year Mavs dived and scrapped until the buzzer. Dallas likes to get its money's worth.

The following draft, the Mavs got

SOUTHERN COMFORT

Southern Comfort Company, 80-100 Proof Liqueur, Louisville, KY © 1986.

"The birch logs crackle in the fireplace. A little Southern Comfort in the coffee warms the spirit. Seems like a good time to count my blessings. Especially the very pretty one sitting next to me".

COMFORT & COFFEE

Hot black coffee (regular or chicory). 1½ oz. Southern Comfort. Sugar (to taste). Whipped cream (optional). Pour Southern Comfort into mug of steaming black coffee. Sweeten to taste. Garnish with whipped cream.

COMFORT CAKE

Cake 1 18¼ oz. Duncan Hines Yellow Cake Mix. 1 3½-oz. pkg. Instant Vanilla Pudding Mix. 4 eggs. ½ cup cold water. ½ cup cooking oil. 1 cup chopped pecans or walnuts. ½ cup Southern Comfort. Glaze ¼ lb. butter or margarine. ⅛ cup water. ½ cup granulated sugar. ¼ cup Southern Comfort. Combine cake ingredients in large bowl; beat at medium speed for 2 minutes. Pour into greased and floured 10-inch tube or 12-cup Bundt pan. Bake at 325° for 1 hour. Set on rack to cool. Invert on serving plate. Prick top immediately; drizzle and brush half of glaze evenly over top and sides. Reserve half of glaze. After cake has cooled, reheat glaze and brush it evenly over cake. Just before serving, sift 1 tbsp. powdered sugar over cake. To make glaze, melt butter in saucepan. Stir in water and sugar. Boil 3 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and stir in Southern Comfort.

For a free copy of Southern Comfort's newest recipe guide, please write to: Southern Comfort Recipe Booklet, Dept. AD, Post Office Box 1080, Louisville, KY 40201.

Dallas' Dilemma: It Ain't the Motion, It's the Meat

For all five years of the team's existence, the Mav in the middle has either been undersized (Pat Cummings, Sam Perkins), undeveloped (Wayne Cooper) or untalented (Wallace Bryant, Kurt Nimphius). At first the lack of a bonafide center gave the team the charm of a gritty underdog, but as opposing clubs continued to beat up on Dallas in the playoffs, the pivot dilemma ceased being cute.

It turned downright ugly this past November 16, when Bryant and Nimphius combined for seven points and one rebound over 41 minutes during a five-point loss to Houston and its Twin Towers. The Mavs' front office finally stopped complaining and started shopping. Nine days later they traded Nimphius to the L.A. Clippers for 7-2, 278-pound James Donaldson, the second-heaviest player in the league (behind Utah's Mark Eaton).

Donaldson's impact was immediate. Right off the plane he had 11 boards in spot duty as the Mavericks outrebounded Washington for the first of five wins in a row. Donaldson set a club record for rebounds with 22 against Denver three weeks later. More significant, in the first game against his old teammates, Donaldson clipped Clippers forward Rory White in the forehead with an elbow as White drove the lane, opening a gash that required eight stitches. Donaldson's frequent fisticuffs when he first broke into the league with Seattle earned him the nickname Dukes; Dallas' opponents will think twice about pounding the ball inside now.

Donaldson a franchise? No. Big and mean? Yes, indeed.

What took the Mavs' "Basketball Committee"—comprised of owner Donald Carter, GM Norm Sonju, personnel director Rick Sund, coach Dick Motta and assistant coach Bob Weiss—so long? For one reason, Carter is an avid Cowboys fan who has tried to emulate America's Team by relying on the draft to build the talent base. And as Rick Sund points out, the team has had little luck in the draft. "In a normal year, 28 wins gets you the No. 1 or No. 2 pick. But the year we win 28 games ['81–82], we get only a No. 4; we draft Aguirre, win 28 games and get Bill Garnett. Two years later, Houston drafts Sampson, wins 29 games and gets Akeem."

Motta critics also say his stormy relationship with Pat Cummings drove the 6-9½ center-forward to free agency and the Knicks, and that his lack of patience with Wayne Cooper has already cost the Mavs a Midwest Division title—currently held by Denver, where Cooper starts in the pivot. Motta (along with Carter) is also said to have nixed blockbuster trades involving Joe Barry Carroll and Bill Cartwright.

The committee compounded its woes when it chose Garnett over LaSalle Thompson, the Sacramento Kings' center who played his college ball at Texas, in the Mavs' own backyard. "If we had it to do over again we would take Thompson," Sund admits. "Not because he is the answer for us at center either, but because he would fit into what we are doing now. We're going to do what Don Nelson did in Milwaukee; roll up our sleeves, rotate 3-4 guys in the middle, and maybe sneak in the back door. With Donaldson, Uwe Blab, Sam Perkins and Bill Wennington, we can win 50 games and make something happen in the playoffs."

"I now have the inside muscle player I've wanted," declares Motta. But he adds, "We were fourth echelon, talent-wise [at center] before. Now we're in the third." Donaldson—who led the NBA in field-goal percentage last year—says he's "comfortable with that assessment. I'm glad he didn't put me in the first echelon, because then I'd have to get 35 points a game. That's not my role."

For its part the team has responded enthusiastically. "He has helped us right away, especially with his rebounding," says sharpshooting guard Rolando Blackman. "And there are little things. He sets a great screen and I know I'll have a full second to get off my shot; that's a great feeling."

Freed from the pounding in the pivot, Sam Perkins was understandably "relieved" by the Donaldson deal. "We can gamble more on defense and give more of a zone look. We're not trying to use him as a piece of meat," Perkins continues, "throwing him out there just to get rebounds. We want him to be comfortable here with us and our style of play."

"He will not dominate games," Motta concludes, "but he should keep other teams' centers from dominating to the extent they have in the past." And it may be that Donaldon's primary role is psychological. After years of promising to land an elite center with their stockpile of draft choices, the front office ran out of extra picks this year without making good on its word. "We had become stagnant," Motta concedes. "This trade is a show of good faith to our fans. It is a show of good faith to our team." —*Britt Robson*

Mark Aguirre and Rolando Blackman (both all-stars, both black), as well as Jay Vincent, to go with point guard Brad Davis, a first-round Lakers reject. And Motta's Mavs became a short, slow, jump-shooting team that, when hot, could match baskets with the Lakers or Celtics. Carter stuck by his guns: no high-priced free agents or panicky trades. Dallas would by-gosh grow with these Mavs.

Not only have the Mavs made the playoffs the last two seasons, but in '83–84 they actually eliminated Seattle in the first round and beat the Lakers once in the second. Coach after rival coach says, "When that team gets a true center...."

But for Mavs fans, it has almost been more fun without one. One passes judgment on Cowboys games. One screams his brains out at Reunion.

Of course, it may help that liquor, sold at Reunion, must be smuggled into a dry Texas Stadium. Yet Reunion is strictly family entertainment to Texas Stadium's Rome. Though you don't see hordes of kids, and couples rather than familes are the rule, the Mavs provide sideshows like the San Diego Chicken and Charley Pride and the Grambling Band. You get the feeling you're privileged to be at a Cowboys game, where halftime features the scantily clad cheerleaders.

Sonju also began letting his staff blast PA rock music by groups he'd never heard of. And pretty soon, there was Carter's mother, age 70, tapping her toes to Prince's "Little Red Corvette." Reunion's fourth-quarter theme song became the Fifties hit "Shout!" accompanied by chorus-line dancing in the stands. Blue-and-green Mavs billboards popped up all over town saying "They make you wanna shout!" The Mavs' annual average attendance: 7,789, 9,519, 11,882, 14,223 and '84–85's 16,694, which was 98 percent of Reunion's capacity and included 24 sellouts.

Listen, if you can hear him, to a real-life Dallas lawyer named Paul Schoonover. "I've seen more basketball the last two years than I've seen in my life. I had

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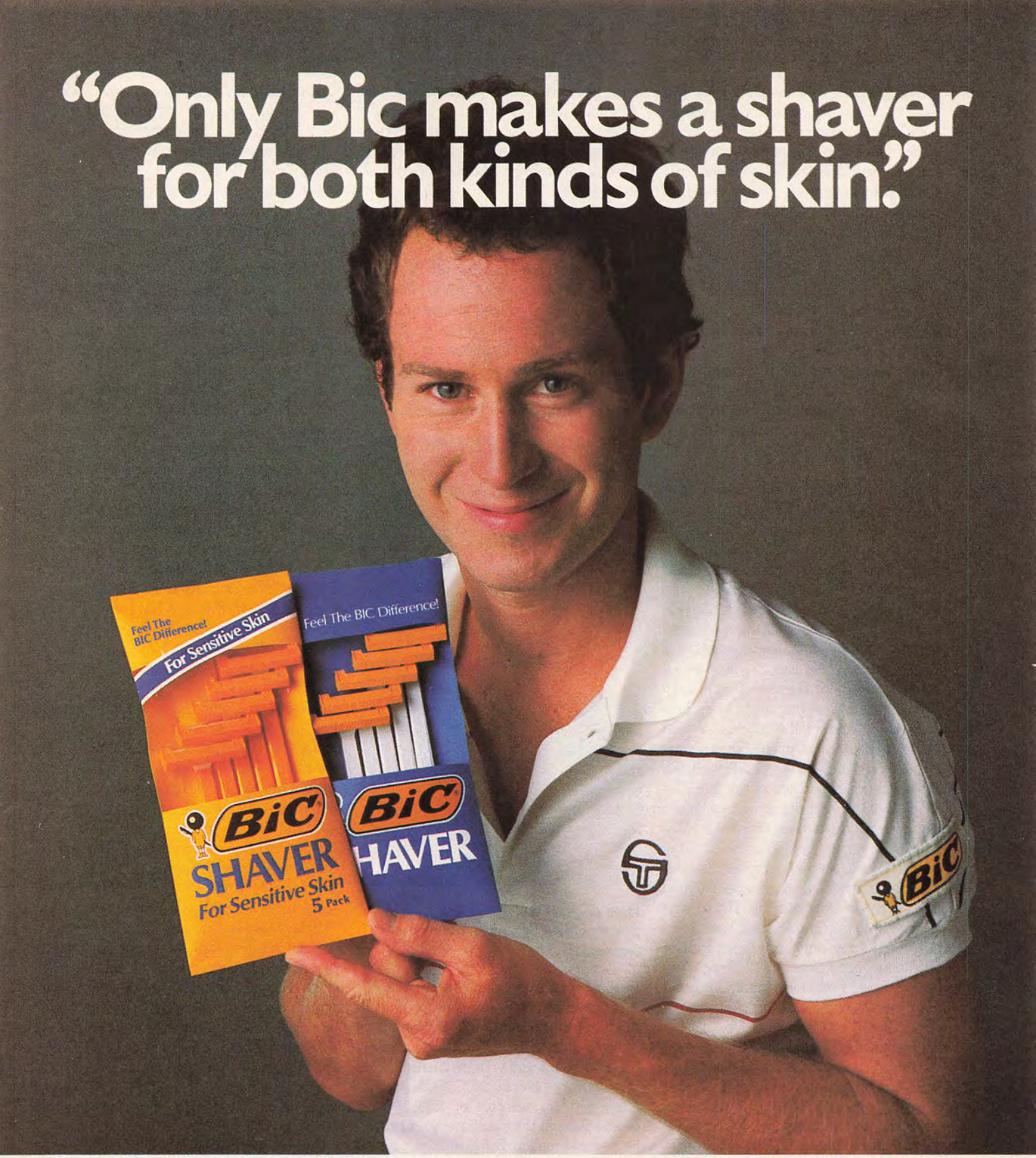

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to be dragged to my first Mavs game [his firm has courtside seats], and it was an unbelievable experience. I saw these marvelous athletes up close and I was hooked."

Listen to Pat Riley, once an eleventh-round Cowboys draft choice and now coach of the champion Lakers, who have lost five times at Reunion. "I say this knowing that I'm the villain there, but when you have a good, sincere product, when a team gives the way that one does, it's going to get that kind of support. Playing in Reunion is what professional sports is all about."

Listen to a chuckling Brian McIntyre, NBA public-relations director. "We [the league office] were surprised to find a couple of years ago that basketball had been reinvented in Dallas."

Jack Beckman would make a good Marlboro Man. Beckman has been known to go a few rounds with unruly customers at Reunion's closed-circuit fights. Beckman manages Reunion, and Beckman was one of four Dallasites who went in search of the Final Four in July of 1981. The NCAA's selection committee convened in Martha's Vineyard, and Beckman says, "Kansas City was an absolute shoo-in [for the '86 Final Four]."

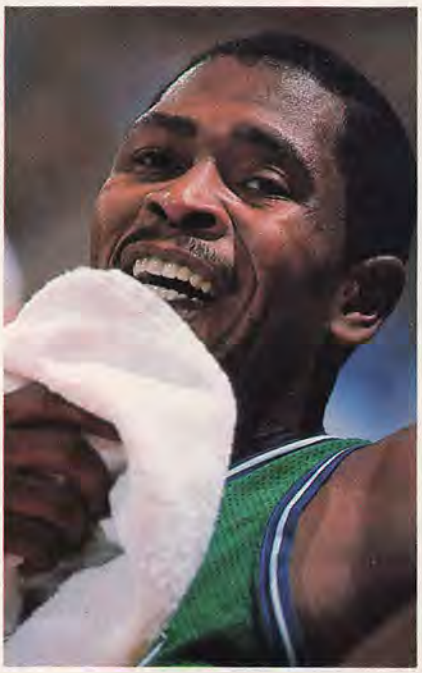
Beckman admits he "didn't know anything about basketball" and that he "was scared to death" as he pitched the committee. Understand, college basketball has never been a hot ticket in the Big D—SMU didn't begin selling out conference games until last season, when the Mustangs were ranked as high as No. 2 in the country. But Dallas powerbrokers had prepared a high-tech video presentation, and SMU athletic director Bob Hitch, says Beckman "got up and knocked their lights out. That's the only way I can explain what happened." Says Hitch, "I was naive [about Final Four requirements], but I happened to know several people on the committee that year." Can-Do.

"Destination Dallas" is the slogan for the '86 Final Four. Beckman says, "This is Dallas' chance to show America what a great sports city it is." And why is it? "No beaches or mountains. What else is there to do besides drink, smoke or go to church? It's a flat business city. The Chamber won't like that, but it's true."

That same year, 1981, Stormin' Norm Sonju began bombarding the NBA office with letters praising Dallas as an All-Star Game site. Sonju campaigned for '86 not because of the Final Four, but because it was the Sesquicentennial, the 150-year anniversary of Texas' independence from Mexico. Some excuse for an All-Star Game. Sonju also prepared a Spielberg of a video and lined up letters from the Dallas mayor, from Stanley Marcus, of Neiman-Marcus department store, from....

Soon the league office told Sonju, "Please back off. You've got the '86 game."

Cowboys president Texas E. Schramm is said to run the National Football League. He also is said to care about as much for the Mavs' rise as he did for Raiders owner Al Davis' move to L.A. But publicly, Schramm says, "It's wrong to say it's a Cowboys town. It's a big-league town. Our success will come from what we do, and theirs from what they do."



Mark Aguirre: Will Dallas still love him when he's no longer a novelty?

How much fan overlap is there? Schramm sniffs and says, "We don't take surveys. They may." They do. Sonju says the two teams draw from basically the same group, "North Dallas, 18–34, upscale profile, salaries of $50,000 or more—though the Cowboys' profile may be a little broader. But we share a lot of luxury box and courtside ticket holders."

Sonju spends hundreds of thousands of dollars on radio, TV and billboard advertising and speaks to any luncheon group that will listen. Schramm says he doesn't spend a cent advertising home games, whose revenue must be split, 60-40, with visiting teams. Schramm doesn't seem too worried that several Cowboys home games the last two seasons haven't sold out in time to lift the local TV blackout. Schramm says, "If we had 65,000 seats between the 40-yard lines, we'd sell out."

Is Cowboys ownership concerned that relocated businessmen who can't get good Cowboys seats will turn to the Mavs? Could that be why 118 "Crown Suites," ranging from $300,000 to $1.5 million, have been added to the rim of Texas Stadium? Are the Mavs a Cowboys without arrogance, complacency, hypocrisy? Are they supplanting the original?

"That would be a dream," says Don Carter. "We're just honored to be in their league." Yet Carter now is confident enough to add, "We've used enthusiasm as an asset, and I think the Cowboys should do something to create some enthusiasm." Fightin' words.

Schramm says he hasn't been to a Mavs game, but admits he often catches them on TV. Sonju says he hasn't been to a Cowboys game, but that he had all-pro Randy White, a partner in an oil deal, over to his million-dollar Bent Tree Country Club home for lunch. Sonju says he didn't tell his wife and kids what White did for a living. And that they didn't know.

Dick Motta, whose religion is basketball, almost considers it sacrilege to talk about Dallas' reborn hoop freaks. "Yeah, we hustle and play hard," Motta says. "But in four years will people accept the fact that we're a nice team that can't get past the Lakers in the playoffs?" Will Dallas tire of its unCowboys? Of basketball? Ominously, Schramm says, "Their problem from now on is that they'll be something other than a novelty."

Even Mavs broadcaster and Dallas native Allen Stone says, "I don't have a lot of faith in Dallas as a sports town. I just think that very gradually the Mavericks' popularity could fade and dry up like the latest bar or disco. It's happened so fast that it has all the feelings of a fad. We're still talking about a small number of people [rabid fans]. Our playoff [TV] ratings are good, but we don't do what the Rangers do in the regular season."

So how will Dallas follow the All-Star Game and Final Four? Will it reinvent indoor soccer (Carter's Sidekicks also play in Reunion) or hockey or full-contact chess? Lord only knows. But these days, when Dallas bidnessmen talk about Ewing, they mean Patrick. ★

Skip Bayless is a sports columnist for the Dallas Times Herald.

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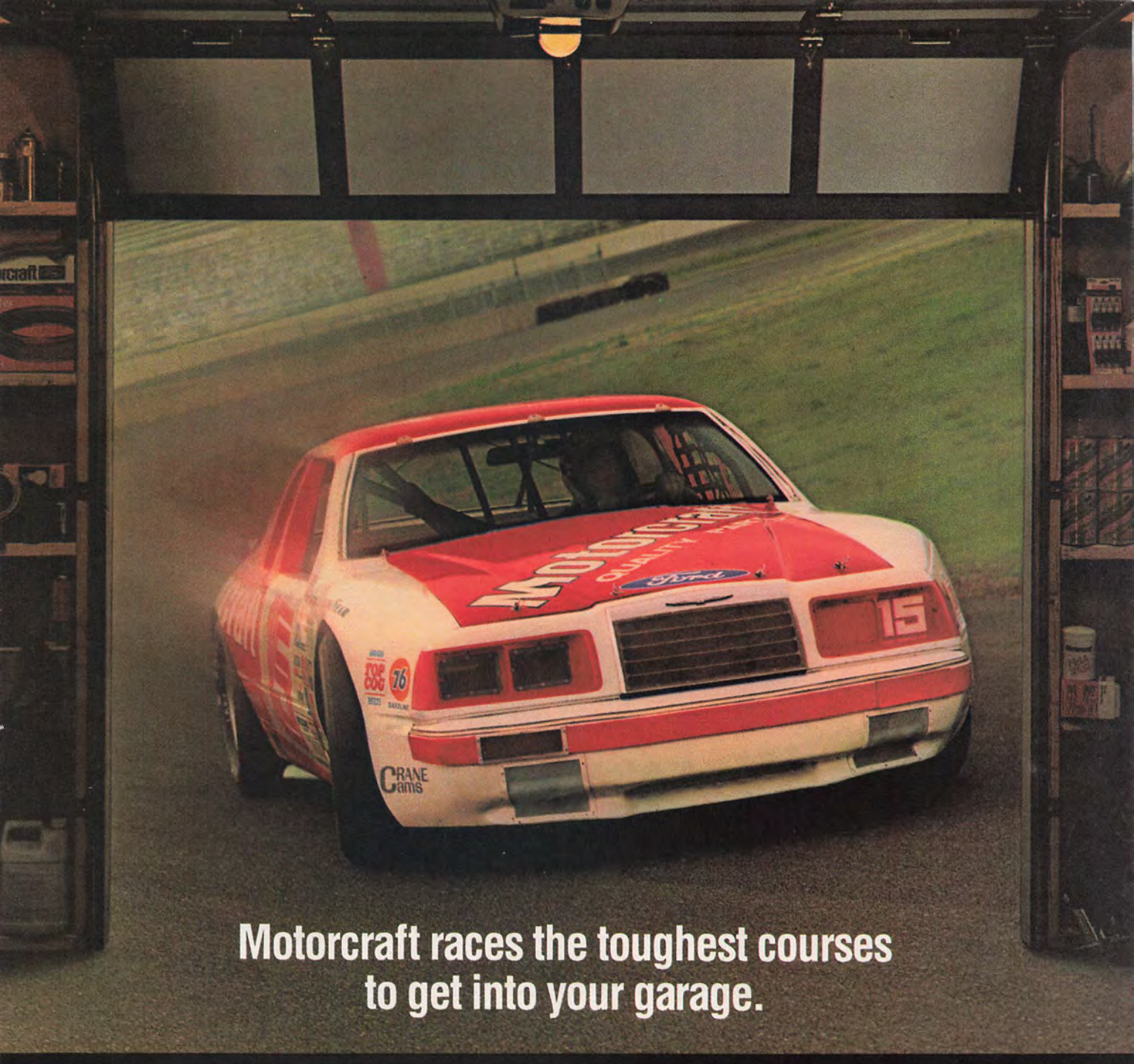

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ROAD TRIP

SPRING FEVER: A BASEBALL BAEDEKER

The games may not mean anything and the ballparks might not be ready for prime time, but when the snow is flying and the wind is howling up north, is there any better place to be than spring training?

No, there isn't. You can hear the infielders yell at the pitchers. You can see the batters grimace as they foul pitches off their feet. You can reach out and touch your favorites, who, mellowed by the warm spring sun, are more likely to pose for your Polaroids and sign your autograph books.

So, if you're off to Florida or Arizona, here are a few tips: where to go, what to see, where to eat, to make the most of your spring-training tour.

FLORIDA

Start your trip on the Gulf Coast at the Bay Harbor Inn in Tampa. Not only is it within easy driving distance of several ballparks, it's also owned by George Steinbrenner. Relax in the Yankee Trader Lounge (what else?) and look for the Boss himself.

A visit to the Reds' training complex in Tampa is a must, if only to watch Pete Rose take BP. Keep March 11 in mind; the Dodgers will be visiting the Reds in a matchup of last season's two top NL West clubs.

There are plenty of choices for evening entertainment, but the best place is Derby Lane in St. Pete, the nation's finest dog-racing facility. Make reservations for the Derby Lane clubhouse dining room; the food is excellent and you'll rub shoulders with all sorts of baseball players, managers and execs from the many teams in the area.

Al Lang Stadium in St. Petersburg is one of Florida's best. On March 8 and 9, the Mets and Cardinals will renew what has become one of baseball's best rivalaries.

On March 12 drive across the Causeway to Clearwater. Breakfast at Lenny's on Rte. 19, then head either to Jack Russell Stadium (Phillies-Tigers) or to Dunedin, a mile away, where Toronto hosts the Mets in cuddly Grant Field; Labatts flows and home runs fly over the rightfield porch.

A longtime favorite restaurant with baseball people has been Heilman's Beachcomber on Clearwater Beach. Or try Capogna's Dugout in Clearwater, where the walls are covered with baseball memorabilia, and the pizza is great.

If you choose to stay on the Gulf Coast, Sarasota is worth a look. Visit the Ringling Circus Museum and Payne Park, a refurbished heirloom where, on March 9, you can see the White Sox host the world champion Royals. Or head east to Winter Haven and Chain O'Lakes Stadium, home of the Red Sox and great french fries. If you get there early, visit the lower diamond and listen to Ted Williams tutor young hitters.

Now it's time for an East Coast tour. Any trip to spring training must include Dodgertown in Vero Beach. Go early, stroll around the lush grounds and stop by the various practice diamonds. Chances are you'll bump into a Koufax here, a Lasorda there. Autographs are easy. At game time sit on the outfield hillside (there are no fences at Holman Stadium). Detroit visits on March 17.

From there, head south on I-95 and spend the night at the Ramada Inn in West Palm Beach, adjacent to the complex where both the Braves and Expos train. Manero's is a restaurant popular with baseball types.

At Pompano Beach, winter home of the Rangers, you can catch a game, then go to the harness track, where you can watch players betting away their performance clauses.

But then it's time to gird yourself for a visit to Ft. Lauderdale Stadium, a mini-New York, complete with screaming fans, tight security and the Yankees. The Blue Jays visit March 11; the Red Sox are in the next day.

Complete your Florida visit at Miami Stadium. It's not in the plushest of areas, but if you arrive early you can watch Earl Weaver tutor his charges on his famous "little diamond" in the leftfield corner.

ARIZONA

A trip to Arizona offers a much different atmosphere. It isn't as crowded, the weather is crisper and the pace even more laid back.

Stay either in Phoenix (the Gateway Park is headquarters of the A's) or Scottsdale (the

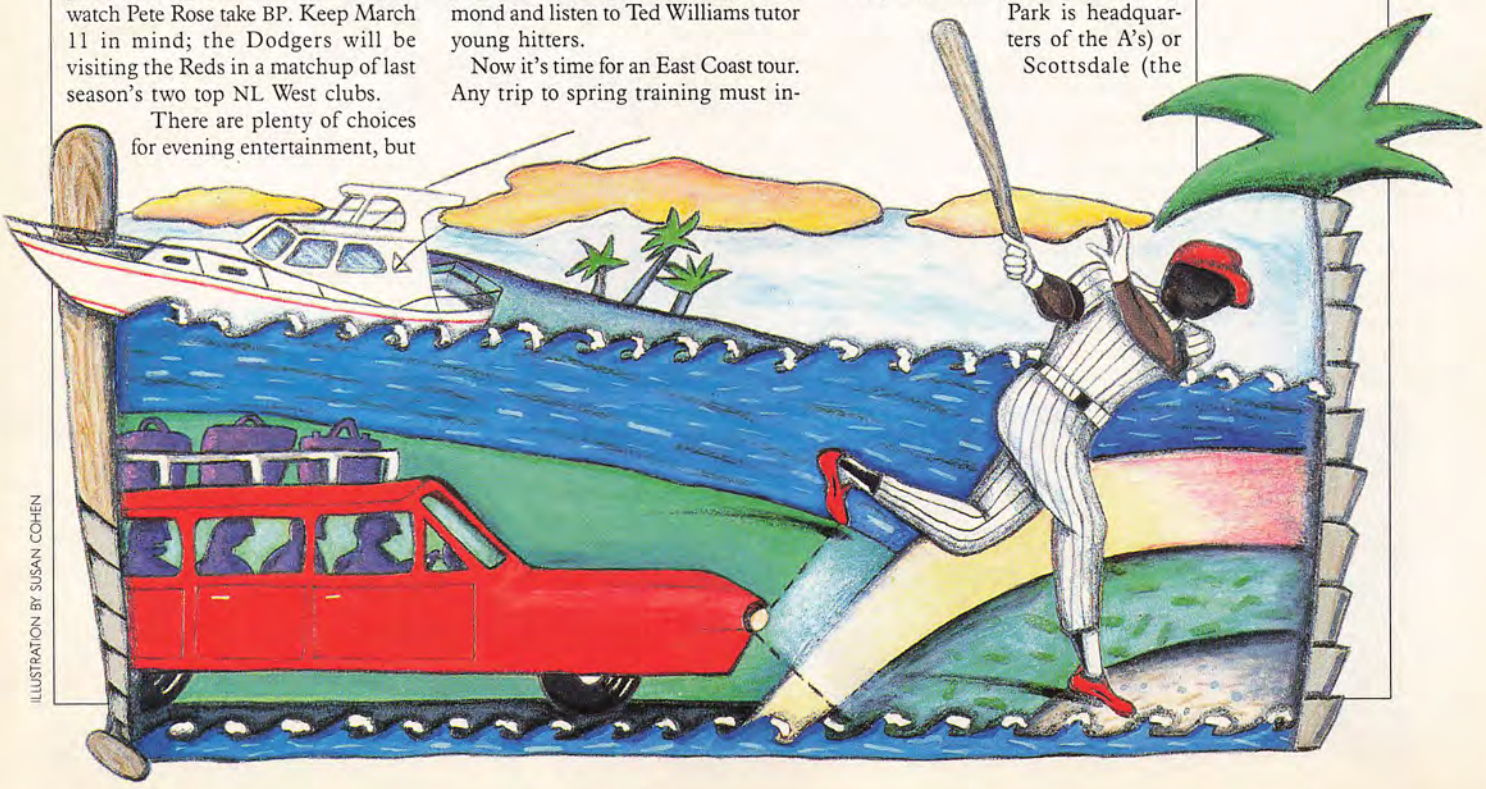


ILLUSTRATION BY SUSAN COHEN

Double Tree Inn is popular with scouts and executives). The best thing about Scottsdale is that within easy reach are the Giants, the A's, the Cubs (in Mesa, winter home of Cubs Fever) and the Brewers (in Sun City).

Real fans should circle March 22. Catch the A's game in Phoenix and take an early look at Jose Canseco, this year's dominant rookie prospect. Leave around the fifth inning and hunker down for a four-hour drive to Yuma, and a night game between the Padres and Cubs.

Dinner at the Pink Pony in Scottsdale is required. Baseball people from all over the area flock there. For something fancier, try Steven, a restaurant owned by Cubs broadcaster and former Cy Young winner Steve Stone.

Have a nice trip. —*Peter Pascarelli*

FANTASY

PAPER KEGLER: I BOWL WITH DICK WEBER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MICHAEL NG

By the middle Sixties I had given up the idea of idolizing Mickey Mantle. I was heavy, slow and myopic—a sandlot rightfielder who prayed fly balls would go to center or left. So I looked for an easier sport, another hero. I found bowling and Dick Weber.

In 1965 Weber *was* bowling. Bowler of the year for the third time in five years. Leading money-winner for the fourth year in seven. His form seemed the Platonic ideal of a bowler, and I would study his *The Champion's Guide to Bowling* more diligently than my schoolwork.

Twenty years later I am bowling with Dick Weber at the AMF Dick Weber Lanes in Florissant, Missouri.

Weber is a Hall of Famer now; for 56, he is in good shape. He still has thick, muscular forearms, solid from heaving a 16-pound ball almost half-a-million times in his career.

Weber's first practice roll is as smooth as I remember, his right arm straight as a plumb line, his left arm parallel to the floor for balance.

On my first roll my left foot sticks on the approach; I sprawl across the foul line. Weber tells me I should have checked my shoes for stickiness before I bowled. While I change shoes, he continues warming up. He seems in a groove now.

When I start practicing again, my pin-counts are inconsistent. Sometimes my ball is in the pocket; sometimes not. But Weber is generous and tries to correct my flaws. "You're a big man, so you have trouble with speed," he says. "Your ball has so much speed that when it hits the pins they just fly out of there." A slower ball would give more pin action, he tells me. I should walk and bring my arm back more slowly. Holding the ball waist high, rather than shoulder high, would also slow my ball down, he says.

Weber also tells me I swing my right arm too far away from my torso and bring my thumb out of the ball at the wrong angle, giving me only minimal control. He pushes my arm into my side until my elbow almost touches my ribs and then moves my thumb to demonstrate the correct angle.

On one of my practice throws, Weber offers to let me use his ball to get the feel of a finger-tip ball. (The fingers go into a finger-tip ball only to the first knuckle, as opposed to going in to the second knuckle in a normal bowling-alley ball.) Trying to remember all he has told me about correct form, I walk to the foul line and release; the ball bounces onto the lane. Damn, I chipped Dick Weber's ball, I think. The ball hits the pocket and the pins fall for my first strike of the morning.

The ball comes back unscratched.

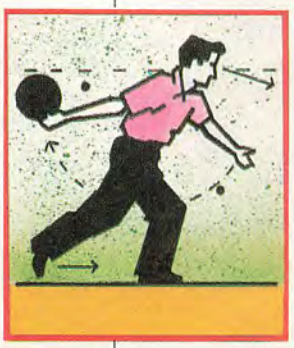
When we start our games, I am concentrating so much on form that by the seventh frame I have one spare, no strikes and am down by 70 pins. After the seventh, I start improving my score from an abysmal 75 to a merely embarrassing 137; Weber bowls 177. I do little better in our second game, bowling a 145 to Weber's 170. "Nothing but a 170 bowler, today," he says, shaking his head. His lifetime PBA average is 210.

Then he has to leave. He invites me to bowl a couple more games on my own. By my last game alone, everything Weber taught me is working. I hit the pocket in every frame but one; my ball is still a little fast, so I hit only three strikes, but every other ball is a nine. I miss some easy spares and finish with a 170.

I look around, hoping Weber is watching from a distance. But he isn't there to see.

—*Joseph Schuster*

Pin Pointers: Weber readies the author for life in the fast lanes.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY BOB SCOTT

HEALTH

WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED KNEE IS WEARING

Your typical weekend softball junkie doesn't have the home-run power that Gary Carter does. His arm isn't as strong as Carter's. But there's a good chance he does have one thing in common with the Mets' catcher: a bad knee.

In last month's SPORT we told you how and why knee injuries are the most aggravating of athletic problems. One way to overcome the aggravation is to wear a knee brace. And the number one brace is known as the Lenox Hill, the brace that Gary Carter wears.

At Lenox Hill Brace, Inc.'s main offices and original factory in New York, the look is Early Garage. In place of

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10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
You've got what it takes.
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The Lenox Hill brace, invented for Joe Namath's knee, endorsed by Gary Carter's knee, is also available for your knee. Ask your doctor.

pin-up calendars, there are autographed photos "to the boys in the shop" from the likes of Lynn Dickey, Phil Simms and Eddie (the King and his Court) Feigner. And instead of fan belts and oil filters scattered about, there are leg casts. Hundreds of them. Piled to the rafters. Stacked in boxes. Next to company VP George Ganzekaufer's desk, a leg cast holds the morning's mail.

Although knee injuries have been around as long as sports have, knee bracing is a relatively new procedure. "Before 1965 it was thought you couldn't put a brace on a wobbly knee and stabilize it," says Dr. James Nicholas, the noted knee specialist. Early braces were big, heavy, cumbersome things that tended to slip out of place and fall down the leg. It took the invention of Velcro, that wonder of science, to allow bracing to advance.

In 1969 Dr. Nicholas took his patient Joe Namath to Jack Castiglia's orthopedic brace shop in New York's Lenox Hill Hospital. Namath's brace was the prototype; today, a hall of fame of athletes have performed in the brace: Bobby Orr, Pete Maravich, Steve Mahre, Phil Esposito. Gary Carter, this year's poster boy, replaced Dan Marino, last year's big endorser. Many of the New York Islanders wear them. *All* of the Cleveland Browns linemen do. (In 1983 Ganzekaufer was given a game ball by the Browns' "Brace Brothers.")

But the main clientele remains weekend warriors, guys with bum knees who need help in their tennis or softball games.

Every brace, be it John Elway's or John Doe's, is custom-made from a leg cast taken by a physician or orthotist. The cast is sent to one of two factories in New York, where the aluminum bars are bent, the pads are cut and the straps are sewn together. It's this custom design and numerous studies testifying to its effectiveness, as well as the history and pro mystique of the brace, that make it so popular.

The finished brace weighs only 1.5 pounds. At a price of $270 wholesale (about $395–$450 retail), the Lenox Hill brace isn't exactly a stocking-stuffer. But with almost three fourths of the company's orders coming from all those wounded weekend warriors, the knee brace isn't just for pro athletes anymore. *—David Levine*

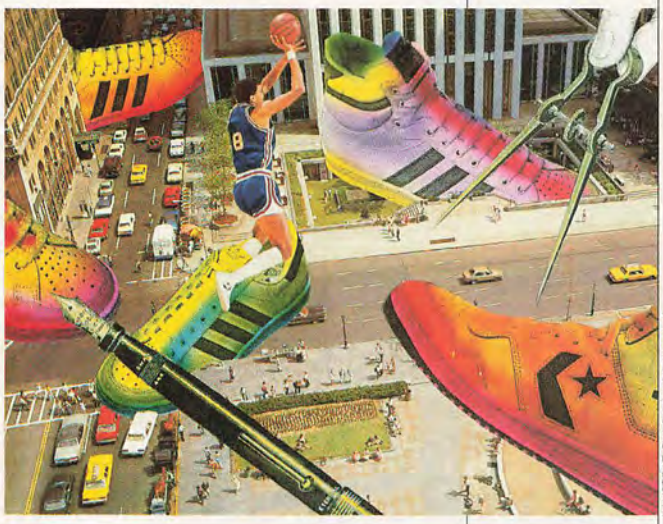

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK YANKUS

SPORTSWARE

AIR JORDANS: HOW MUCH JORDAN, HOW MUCH AIR?

A new trend in basketball sneaker endorsement is upon us. In the past a player would simply lend his name to a shoe company. Now, thanks to Michael Jordan and Nike, he lends his style.

The overwhelming success of Nike's Air Jordan shoe has led the industry to believe that the more distinctive the shoe, the better it will sell. And in the marketing business, imitation is the highest measure of success; this spring, adidas will be pushing a Patrick Ewing shoe (the Conductor), and Converse has unveiled two new shoes: Larry Bird's Star Tech and Magic Johnson's the Weapon.

Along with the athlete's greater identification with a shoe has gone greater input into its design. "Nike gave me a prototype," says Jordan, "and then I went back to them with some suggestions." Jordan wanted a shoe that could be worn right out of the box without the usual break-in period, and he asked for the shoe top to be shortened by one-quarter inch. But the most substantial change Jordan asked for, and got, was in the patented Airsole. "The shoe made me feel like I was too far off the floor, so I asked them to put the sole only in the heel of the shoe," Jordan says.

Converse and adidas report that their endorsers have input into the sneaker's design as well; Bird asked for a soft, flexible leather, and Ewing wants a larger sneaker body to accommodate orthotic pads.

The shoe you buy is essentially the same as the one the athlete wears. But does an athlete's input really make the sneaker a better product? "It's questionable," says Mark Klionsky, managing editor of *Sporting Goods Business* magazine. "I don't think the success of the Air Jordan had so much to do with Jordan as with the distinctive style of the shoe. The demand has been for very stylish, colored leather."

"I had nothing to do with the colors," Jordan laughs. *—Helene F. Rubinstein*

Larry Bird and Magic Johnson. When they play, they push themselves to the limit. And they trust their performance to Converse. The shoe they choose to do battle in is the Converse® Weapon™ – a shoe biomechanically designed to help players play their best.

These shoes offer superior traction because of their natural rubber outsoles. They're incredibly cushioned as well, due to the Center of Pressure outsole and a shock absorbing EVA midsole. And for the strong ankle support that Bird, Magic and every other ballplayer needs, there's the unique Y-Bar Ankle Support System.

Besides all these features, the Converse Weapon has a comfortable, removable insole and an extra padded collar that combines with the Y-Bar System for enhanced ankle support and comfort.

Bird and Magic have chosen their weapons. Now choose yours.

THE CONVERSE® WEAPONS™

The Converse Weapon. One more reason why athletes like Bird and Magic depend on Converse for the best possible performance.

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Is this the key to your car?

The Civic DX Hatchback is packed with space to keep you from feeling packed in.

The key is its innovative long-roof design. It makes this car remarkably big for its size.

In the rear, there's generous headroom so comfort doesn't take a back seat to economy. The rear seats slide back as well as recline so you can kick back. They also fold down one at a time to accommodate even odd-sized cargo.

Outside, the roof design makes the most of aerodynamics. So the exterior is as efficient as the interior.

And all around, there is a panoramic expanse of window area covering 319 degrees out of 360. Tinted glass and a rear wiper/washer help make sure the view stays clear.

This Civic is big on value, too. A 1.5 liter, 12-valve engine, 5-speed manual transmission, front-wheel drive, as well as an adjustable steering column are standard.

This year, there is 4-speed automatic transmission available.

If your small car leaves you open for suggestion, then we've got a suggestion. The 1986 Honda Civic DX Hatchback.

It's so big, it's uncanny.

HONDA

The Civic DX Hatchback

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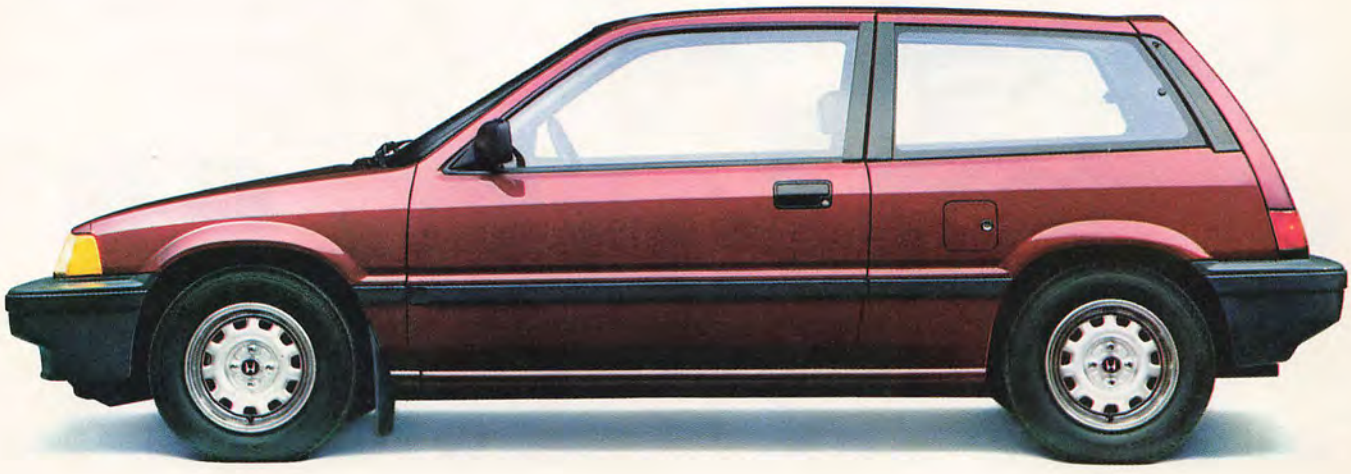


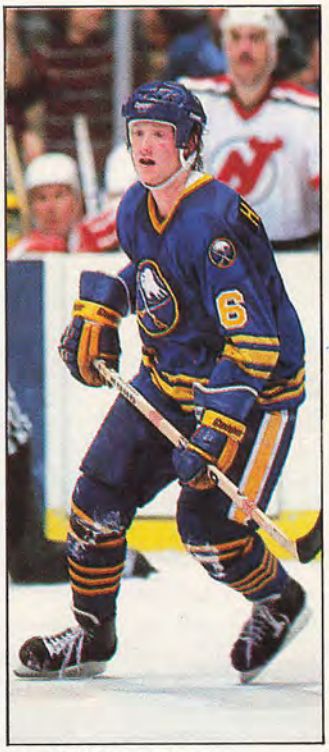
SPORT QUIZ

1. *Who holds the NHL record for goals by a rookie defenseman (22)?*

a. Paul Coffey

b. Denis Potvin

c. Barry Beck



d. Phil Housley

2. An active NBA player still holds the NCAA Division-I records for consecutive and career games in which he scored in double figures. Who is he?
a. Kareem Abdul-Jabbar
b. Otis Birdsong
c. Danny Ainge
d. Larry Bird

3. Only once in the history of the NBA All-Star Game has the contest's MVP award been shared. The year was 1959. Name the players who shared the award.

4. The National League batting title won by Willie McGee in 1985 was the twentieth such title won by a St. Louis Cardinals player. Which team's players have captured the most batting crowns in major league history (24)?
a. Red Sox
b. Pirates
c. Tigers
d. Yankees

5. Two active players in the National Football League share a Pro Bowl receiving record with 14 receptions apiece. Name them.

6. Which well-known NBA figure once described radio broadcasts of hockey games by saying, "It's like listening to a description of one continuous mistake"?
a. Red Auerbach
b. Frank Layden
c. Hot Rod Hundley
d. Gene Shue

7. Since 1947, only eight NHL franchises have won the Stanley Cup. Which of the other three major professional leagues has had the greatest variety of champions in that time (16)?

8. Match the NHL player with his nickname.

a. Greg Terrion	1. George
b. J.F. Sauve	2. Tubby
c. Marcel Dionne	3. Tatoo
d. Jiri Bubla	4. Lou

9. Three players in NBA history have enjoyed seasons in which they captured both All-Star Game and league MVP honors while playing for the team that went on to win the NBA championship. Name them.

10. The NHL All-Star Game is not exactly goaltender's heaven—an average of 9 goals have been scored in each of the last 10 contests. However, one active netminder has fashioned a 2.03 goals-against average in all-star play, sixth on the all-time list. Name him.

11. The first AFC-NFC Pro Bowl was played 15 years ago in the Los Angeles Coliseum, with the NFC winning, 27-6. The player who scored the first points in that game was still active in 1985. Name him.

12. Last year the Chicago Bears became the fifth NFL team since 1978 to release its cheerleading squad. Which four teams have never used cheerleaders?

The Stumper

One of sports history's more inventive attempts at boosting attendance occurred in 1926 when an NHL team "manufactured" an Italian and a Jewish player by having two players on the roster change their names. Which team was it, who were the players and what names did they assume?

Answer the Stumper and win a SPORT T-shirt. In case of a tie, we'll draw three winners. The Stumper answer will appear next month; other answers are on page 25. Send postcards only *(with T-shirt size) to SPORT Quiz, 119 West 40th Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10018, by Feb. 28.*

BY BARRY SHAPIRO

Tom McMillen's transition game.

Twenty local labor leaders of the AFL-CIO are gathered for an 8:30 breakfast in the south lounge of the Sheraton Carlton hotel. The guest speaker, the Democratic candidate for Maryland's Fourth Congressional District in the November election, hasn't arrived yet, but the union leaders don't seem to mind. They find their seats at one of the three round tables, chatting about the Washington scene.

Tom McMillen is running a little late. He is still tired. The alarm rang at 7 A.M., just five hours after the 6-11 forward for the Bullets returned home to Maryland from Philadelphia, where his team lost to the Sixers in overtime. But by 7:30 he was out the door.

As the waiters begin serving the plates of bacon, eggs and sausage, the candidate and his campaign manager arrive. The candidate is McMillen, and his entrance is hard to miss. Yes, he has that congressional look—a charcoal pinstripe suit that's just a little wrinkled, and a youthful stride that says, "I'm too busy working my way up to get to a dry cleaner." His prematurely gray hair adds a dash of seasoning, belying his 33 years. Still, those who've never met him are startled by his height.

McMillen works the room, shaking hands with each official. After breakfast, Ed Lamon, president of the Maryland AFL-CIO, recites "the anti-labor record" of conservative Republican Marjorie Holt, the incumbent who's retiring this year after seven terms, and of the new GOP contender, Bobby Neall, "who wants to reduce the minimum wage." Then McMillen takes the stump.

He begins, as candidates do, with a joke. "I would rather go up against Moses Malone any night," McMillen says in measured tones, "than go up against the Republican party.

"Sports," he continues, swiveling to make eye contact with each listener, "provides a good background for politics. In my 11-year NBA career I've dealt with a diverse group of athletes, men from the Bronx all the way to Sudan.

"I'm a card-carrying member of the NBA Players Association, so I'm a friend of labor. I'm also a small businessman. I'm presently starting up my own paging company. Actually," he smiles, "I'm a *tall* small businessman."

Serious again, McMillen makes his move to the bucket. "This is going to be an expensive race. Because my district lies between two major media markets—Baltimore and Washington—I must raise between $500,000 and $700,000. So please give me your support."

At 9:30 McMillen and his campaign manager, Jerry Grant, dash across 16th Street to a waiting car. Of all his campaign promises, the most important right now is he not be late for practice.

ILLUSTRATION BY JAN SAWKA

A congressional seat would not be out of place on McMillen's Bradley-esque resume: three-time all-American at Maryland, a Rhodes Scholar, member of the 1972 U.S. Olympic team, assistant finance chairman of the Democratic party, entrepreneur...and now, in his final NBA season, the first active athlete to run for a national office.

By the end of this day, McMillen will have made eight campaign stops covering 100 miles, from Washington to Laurel, where he meets with a Maryland state delegate, back to Washington for a meeting with the National Association of Home Builders, and finishing later at a fund-raiser in Oxon Hill, a Maryland suburb. Basketball, he says, is the easy part.

Practice ends at noon. Before they leave the lockerroom, McMillen and a campaign aide pass out invitations to the fundraiser. Manute Bol, who calls McMillen "Congress," says he may stop by.

Fundraisers are similar to the banquet circuit athletes attend, except there's less food. For $100 you get a buffet table full of cheddar and Swiss wedges, grapes and crackers. The band bangs out today's hits to a bar-mitzvah beat. But you do get to make friends with the candidate.

McMillen uses his endless supply of business cards to jot down events his supporters invite him to. Among the most commonly asked questions are "How's the campaign going?" and "What's Manute Bol really like?" Occasionally, he reaches his right hand back to massage a sore right hamstring that's been keeping him out of the lineup. By 10:00, McMillen gobbles down some leftover hors d'oeuvres before heading home.

The following night the Bullets are hosting the Sonics. During the warm ups McMillen looks spry, partly because of the two-hour nap penciled into his schedule. He pumps his fists and clenches his jaw, drilling home jump shots.

But as the game unfolds, McMillen fiddles with a hot pack warming the hamstring. At every timeout he stretches his legs. His gray hair makes him look old.

With 26 seconds left in regulation the Bullets are up by two, 111-109. Bol has picked up his fifth foul, so coach Gene Shue summons McMillen.

The Sonics bring the ball upcourt. Gus Williams pokes the ball away, then flings it to McMillen. Twenty seconds, 19, 18, Gus fires a jumper from the left side. The ball hits the rim and bounds upward. McMillen fights off his man and taps in the game-saving rebound. His teammates mob him.

Williams' steal and McMillen's basket make the 11:00 sports highlights. "It looked as though I played the whole game, didn't it?" says McMillen, laughing.

Bobby Neall didn't make the late evening news at all.

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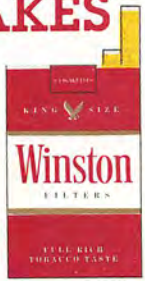

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2. Mail your completed entry with one empty pack of WINSTON or the word WINSTON hand-printed on a separate 3" x 5" paper, in a hand-addressed envelope no larger than 4⅛" x 9½" (#10 envelope) to: WINSTON/NBA Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 4047, Blair, NE 68009. Enter as often as you wish, but limit one entry per envelope. We cannot be responsible for lost, late or misdirected mail. All entries must be received by April 1, 1986.
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4. Prizes, their description and retail values are as follows: Grand Prize—An expense-paid trip for 4 to the 1986 NBA Finals. Prize includes round-trip airfare, hotel accommodations, transportation to and from games, tickets (for up to 7 games) and $5,000 in spending money. Approx. retail value—$15,000. First Prize (1)—Two season tickets to your favorite NBA team for the 1986/87 season. Approx. retail value—$1,200. Second Prize (500)—A satin jacket imprinted with your favorite NBA team logo. Approx. retail value—$75.00 ea. Third Prize (1,500)—A travel/gym bag imprinted with the NBA logo. Approx. retail value—$40.00 ea. Fourth Prize (3,000)—A key chain imprinted with your favorite NBA team logo. Approx. retail value—$4.00 ea.
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6. For the names of the major prizewinners (available after June 2, 1986), send a separate self-addressed, stamped #10 envelope to: WINSTON/NBA Winners List, P.O. Box 4050, Blair, NE 68009.

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